New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

Mr Padley's Flag of Truce

LAST year, when the Shopworkers voted for unilateralism, they started the swing which ended in Mr Gaitskell's defeat at Scarborough. This week, by a narrow majority, they accepted the new Labour defence statement: even if no other union changes its line in the next few months, Mr Gaitskell will now, no doubt, count on getting his revenge in October. He may be right. But his formal victory would do no more to end the bitter feud in the Labour Party than the triumph of the unilateralists six months ago. It would have the same squalid sequel of factionalism; and it might even lead to a catastrophic and irreparable split in the party.

That was clearly not the intention of the delegates to the Shopworkers' conference. On the contrary, like most of the rank and file in the Labour movement, they are evidently tired of the wrangling at the top of the party and anxious about the sapping of its strength in the constituencies. For they gave overwhelming support to Mr Padley's attempt to put an end to Labour's public squabbling.

This is the motion that should claim Mr Gaitskell's attention. The extremists on the right may try to persuade him that the compromise he refused earlier this year, when the Crossman-Padley draft of a defence policy was put before the Labour Executive, is even less attractive now that he appears to be gaining ground. But if he hopes to unify, rather than divide, the party that he leads, he will seize the new opportunity that the Shopworkers have given him.

The Crossman-Padley document is much more than a form of words. It is, first, a viable nuclear policy for Labour in its own right. It does not propose the break-up of Nato. It accepts the principle of collective security and of British participation with conventional weapons in a western alliance. Its aim is to remove nuclear arms from the Nato forces and make them a second-strike armoury under American control: the Nato units would then be trained in non-nuclear tactics. This would imply a reversal of the present Nato directive, but it is neither neutralism nor pacifism. It is a policy on which Labour could rest without continuous dispute or undignified contortions designed to keep the party abreast of regular changes in weapon systems.

Secondly, this document came very close to bridging the gap between right and left. There was a moment when it seemed that there was little more than a semantic distinction between the official statement and the Crossman-Padley draft. The latter, moreover, was backed by 13 members of the executive, including the unilateralists, and afterwards endorsed, in substance as well as in form, by Mr Cousins.

Why should Mr Gaitskell accept what he previously turned down? One reason is that it is still far from certain that he will win in October. But a much stronger argument is that this compromise offers him a means by which a firm centre can again be created within the Labour Party – something that it has lacked since the Bevanite split began the destructive process of polarisation. Four-fifths of the Labour conference would vote for the platform next October if it accepted the Padley plan. It would then be possible to rebuild the party in the country with greater unity on foreign affairs than it has enjoyed since Labour was defeated, and to concentrate on the neglected task of winning electoral support for Labour home policy – which is about to be restated in a new and challenging form. But if Mr Gaitskell drives on to a tactical victory, narrowly achieved by shifts in the block vote, he may lose that chance for ever.

Unity requires a change of attitude on Mr Gaitskell's part: it also demands concessions from Mr Cousins. But Mr Padley has given them neutral ground on which to meet. Labour has often called in the past for imaginative gestures in British foreign policy when a truce is needed between two hostile factions. This is the moment – and possibly the last moment – when such a gesture could end its own civil war.

Comments on the Week's News

Laos

Reluctant Cease-Fire

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes*: Cease-fire difficulties in Laos have been greatly exaggerated. The crucial question was whether President Kennedy intended risking a further showdown by pushing troops as well as military advisers and arms into Laos. Not even the CIA could have had illusions about the relative morale of the Pathet Lao guerillas, who had both Soviet arms and a cause they believed in, and the Boun Oum troops, who showed less and less willingness to fight. The cease-fire has now happened, and the International Control Commission may reach Laos this weekend. They did useful and rapid work in Delhi and sent an agreed report to the co-chairmen in London and Moscow. Their next task after verifying the cease-fire is likely to be to assist in political talks so that a delegation acceptable to both sides may reach Geneva by 12 May. A conference without a Laotian delegation would be undesirable as well as unreal. But Prince Souvanna Phouma, encouraged by Peking and Hanoi, is still troubled by American activities. Mr Averill Harriman's talks with the King were followed by a curious pronouncement opposing the Geneva conference. General Lemnitzer, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, seems to be as active in military talks in Bangkok and Saigon as the Seventh Fleet's largest aircraft carrier cruising in the area. American brinkmanship is regarded, not only in Laos, but in most of the 14 nations which will be represented in Geneva, as incompatible with Kennedy's expressed support for neutrality.

Common Market

On the Brink

Our Economic Correspondent writes: The nervous assertion of Mr Maudling that Britain is not contemplating adherence to the Rome treaties but wants to explore 'closer association' with the Common Market will deceive nobody. Closer association, in plain English, means that the British government does not wish to accept the obligations, especially the political obligations, of the Rome treaties, but nevertheless wishes to secure their commercial advantages. In fact, it is the old Free Trade Area idea, which has been rejected out of hand by the French government several times, most recently a few weeks ago when M. Olivier Wormser was in London. The Free Trade Area is dead so far as the Six are concerned and Mr Maudling had better accept this fact if he wants to make any progress at all.

What are the issues? Economically, Britain's entry into the Common Market is not without grave risks. It should be said, of course, that full adherence to the Rome treaties from this point of view is less dangerous than our own concept of negative liberalisation and the abolishing of tariffs, especially on industrial products, which was the basis of the Free Trade Area proposals. Still, even with the safeguards and common organs such as the Investment Bank and the Social Equalisation Fund provided for by the Rome treaties, the position of British industry when confronted without protection might become serious – a point underlined this week by the further disastrous fall in the gold and currency reserves.

Adherence to the Common Market, though undoubtedly risky, may be the sole means by which British industry and finance can be jolted into a new dynamic mould. Little England in isolation, slowly decaying into insignificance, might in the end face a catastrophic challenge by the newly industrialised giants such as Russia and Japan. The economic argument in favour of entering the market is therefore fairly strong.

Politically the traditional attitude in Britain has been that entry into the Common Market would mean a sacrifice of our special relations with the United States and the Commonwealth to which, since last year, must be added our obligations to EFTA. There is little in this plea. Our special relations with America are a matter of history. If Britain is relatively weak, and if on the Continent an overwhelmingly dynamic new entity arises, it would be silly to expect the Americans to pay more attention to us than they would to, say, Sweden. The Commonwealth relation could at one time have been used to develop a third force of equal strength to the Common Market. But the chance for that has been missed and it can hardly be recreated now; for an increasingly weak Britain can no longer sustain an adequate volume of aid for the poorer areas of the Commonwealth. Indeed it is America who is more and more shouldering the burden, and the special political relation of the Commonwealth cannot possibly survive a continuation of the present trends.

Finally there are our obligations, rashly entered, to the EFTA countries. These are awkward pledges but they cannot be allowed to stand in the way of a solution of our fundamental problems. Having regard to future trends, our adherence to the Rome treaties is perhaps the least evil of a number of unpalatable choices with which we are confronted – thanks to the government's doctrinaire adherence to laisser-faire principles.

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Teachers

Strike in the Schools

The public takes it for granted that schools, like police-stations and government offices, will not be closed by industrial disputes. It is understandably puzzled by the token strikes by two different groups of teachers. The first, in Scotland, is to press a pay claim, and it deserves support. The second, organised by the National Association of Schoolmasters, is the climax to a long controversy.

In Scotland the background is simple. The Educational Institute (the equivalent of the National Union of Teachers) had reached agreement with the local education authorities on a new salary scale: it would have meant an increase of about 18 per cent in the salary bill. But when negotiations were finished, the Secretary of State for Scotland refused to accept the agreed scale and proposed changes which would have cut the cost to an increase of 12 per cent. Scottish teachers are thus protesting against the government's unusual rejection of a salary scheme which is acceptable both to them and their employers.

In this they have the support of the NUT, which has its own claim for an improved scale – an increase for the great number of teachers on the basic rate is long overdue – in the last stages of negotiation with the local authorities. It is backing the Scottish union because it fears that, even if agreement is reached on the Burnham Committee, the government may turn down the new scale.

But the strike called by the National Association of Schoolmasters is another matter. In form it is a complaint against the exclusion of the NAS from the Burnham Committee, which settles the salaries and conditions of teachers; in substance it is yet another demonstration against equal pay for women teachers. The NAS fought a long rearguard campaign against equal pay; and, now men and women are at last on the same scales, it is trying to reopen the issue by demanding 'separate consideration of men's salaries'. It expresses the view of the more conservative male teachers, who feel that their family responsibilities and status within the profession should be recognised by paying them more than women.

The NAS is convinced that this point of view cannot be pressed effectively because it is not represented on the Burnham Committee. Claiming that it is a properly organised professional association, it insists that it is denied its democratic rights by such exclusion. It presents itself as a little union struggling against the selfish tyranny of the NUT, and rightly requesting a commission of inquiry into the negotiating machinery.

This request is not so reasonable as the NAS suggests. Any organisation which speaks for a majority in any section of the teaching profession is entitled to membership of the Burnham Committee. But the NAS, with 23,000 members, does not speak for a majority of male teachers, nor, like the various associations of secondary teachers, does it cover a special category. It was and remains a splinter group whose main purpose is to express the desire of some male teachers for preferential treatment. Representing less than seven per cent of the teachers in this country, it has no strong case for admission to a negotiating body which as at present constituted recognises all distinctions in the

profession – excepting only that of sex.

Once the principle of equal pay was accepted by the government, there was no case which the NAS could properly make within the Burnham Committee. Its 'democratic rights' are those of a pressure-group which wants to reverse the commitment to equal pay, not those of collective bargaining. For such bargaining cannot be based on the idea that wages or salaries should be adjusted to domestic circumstances: the rate for the job, not the number of dependants, is the valid criteria for fixing earnings. The family needs of either men or women teachers should be met through taxation and social services, not differential pay. That is why the NAS strike plan is unjustified. If it wishes to conduct a political campaign for sex-discrimination, the place for that is in politics.

Algiers

The Loyalist Story

JEAN DANIEL *writes from Algiers:* The collapse of the Algiers revolt had lacerated France, to an extent which can only be understood by visiting Algiers itself. Its magnitude was revealed to me by an eye-witness account I received from a senior police official in Algiers – I'll call him Inspector Xavier – who played a prominent part in the tragedy. On Friday 21 April, Xavier received a telephone-call from Paris: 'The *ultras* are planning something for this evening'. He immediately warned his departmental head, M. Janin, the Prefect. The latter informed Colonel Moullet of the Gendarmes at the headquarters of the Government-General. But the Colonel's office had been receiving such warnings for the past fortnight. They hardly believed in them any more – particularly the dates given for the plot, all of them precise, all different. Warnings were treated as rumours – and 'a rumour does not amount to definite information', as M. Joxe, the Minister for Algeria, was to remark afterwards.

All the same, on Friday evening Xavier noticed several disturbing signs. Well-known 'activists' were going from door to door in key buildings. He decided to spend the night at his post. The alert came at 1 a.m: he was notified that regiments of parachutists were moving towards police headquarters on the Boulevard Baudin. He telephoned to M. Fachot, HQ commander, who was also at his post. The latter already knew, and had warned the Prefect. While waiting further orders, he had the gates of the building shut, ordered nobody to be admitted, and mounted machine-guns. Half an hour afterwards, a police-car arrived and asked for the gate to be opened. After some argument, it was – and immediately parachutists, who had been waiting behind the car, swarmed into the building. Fachot phoned the Prefect and was told: 'Join me here at Fort l'Empereur' – police headquarters for the Algiers region. In the fort were the gendarme Colonel Moullet, and his deputies, Colonels Ceccaldi, Faig, d'Astorg and Debrousse, together with three companies of gendarmes. Xavier and Fachot argued with the *paras*: Could they be allowed to go to the lavatory? Permission was granted – provided someone accompanied them. The two policemen knew there was a secret exit near the lavatories. They took it and got to the Fort.

There they found Moullet but no Prefect: he presumably had been arrested already. Fifteen minutes afterwards, Foreign Legion *paras* surrounded the Fort. Despite his urgent entreaties, Moullet had not received the order to defend the Fort, and those gendarmes who tried to bar the entrace to the *paras* were pushed aside. All the staff, plus the two police inspectors, were arrested. They spent the night at the Fort and were taken early on Saturday to the air base at Blida, training centre for the Air Commandos. Challe, it appeared, was counting on the Commandos, plus the *paras*, as the spearhead of the revolt. In the officers' mess, the captured policemen found other prisoners, including the Prefect and three generals.

From the first meal, the prisoners realised that some of the Air Commandos, who were guarding them, were anxious to make contact. They made signs to join them in two barber's shops, where permission had been granted to take them under escort. One by one, the prisoners went to the barber's, and there learned that, three miles away, at the air base itself, 3,000 NCOs and men had refused without exception to obey the orders of their rebel officers and were now being guarded by a regiment of *paras* which Challe had hoped to use in Algiers. Colonel Moullet commented: 'If this incident is repeated three or four times in Algeria, we are saved!'

Hence, already by Saturday night, the conscripts were beginning to paralyse the revolt. The young Air Commandos told their prisoners that they were trying to fix a plan to get them to the air base; they did not, they said, speak for a majority of their comrades, but they were numerous enough to stage a break-out, and they were full of admiration for the conscripts at the base. Xavier told me that the imprisoned generals and colonels were deeply disturbed at this conversation – and at further plans to sabotage aircraft and defy the Commandos' officers. The idea of a 'loyalist mutiny' was still difficult for their military minds to grasp. Nevertheless, they agreed to fall in with the escape plan, and more and more conscripts began to join the Gaullists. At this point, the rebel commander of the training-base warned Algiers, and it was decided to take the senior prisoners to In-Salah in the Sahara and to the Foreign Legion *para* base at Zeralda. Already held

captive in In-Salah were a Cabinet minister, M. Buron, the head of the Algiers administration, and two loyal generals. To Zeralda were taken all the loyalists whom General Godard – perhaps the most sinister figure in the revolt – wanted to 'purge' personally, particularly the pro-Gaullist intelligence officers.

When Xavier got to Zeralda, he saw the arrival of an Air Force major, the chief cipher expert, who had managed to destroy all the codes before the rebels arrested him. For this he had been *passé au tabac*: his face was swollen and he could no longer use his arms. At Blida, another loyalist, General Vesinet, was also beaten up; but he declined to give Xavier details of his treatment. At Zeralda, the Air Force commander had refused to talk until he was so hurt as to require hospital treatment. More than their suffering, these men had resented the terrible collapse in military morale which led officers to assault physically their loyal colleagues.

At Zeralda, the prisoners were much more closely guarded. It was Tuesday evening. They were told they would appear before Godard the next morning. Xavier was certain some of them would be tortured. They passed a third sleepless night, and no longer had the energy to listen to the French radio. But at two in the morning, a German adjutant from the Legion came to warn them: 'You have won. Hurry up and get dressed. You must get out of here before you're lynched by the population. The people of Zeralda are already in the streets. As for me, I'm sick of all your disputes. I'm deserting'.

'Lynched by the population'. They were ready for this at Zeralda. Indeed, when the prisoners had first been brought there, the local women had spat in their faces and carried banners marked: 'Death to the Traitors of French Algeria'. Xavier told me he recognised one of them: a decent, sensible woman, who ran a grocer's shop. However, no lynching took place. The prisoners got hold of a truck and managed to make their way back to Fort l'Empereur, where they toasted their freedom in champagne. On the way, they heard, everywhere, the defeated rebels singing Edith Piaf's famous song, *Je ne regrette rien*. The flags had disappeared from the windows. The car-horns, still beating out *Algérie française*, sounded like a tocsin. The Europeans of Algeria, deceived again, seemed exhausted. With the rule of law re-established, the great purge began in the silence of death.

Monrovia

A Pan-African Conference

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Next Monday an embryonic Council of Africa is due to meet in Monrovia, capital of Liberia. All independent African states, French and English speaking, white and black, have been invited to sit around a single table. The object is not simply to further the cause of 'Pan-Africanism', but to halt the growing tendency towards bloc politics. Superimposed on the imperial legacy of division by language has developed a factionalism stemming from policy conflict. Most of the French-speaking states met last December in Brazzaville. The following month Guinea, Mali and Ghana held a conference in Casablanca. These two contending groups took diametrically opposed attitudes to the Congo and the United Nations. Other states, such as Nigeria, Liberia and Tunisia, have held aloof from either bloc, but pursued a mainly common line towards international issues.

At a time when federation is under public discussion all over free Africa, the divisive influence of these blocs clearly handicaps any movement towards unity. The Brazzaville group has already shown what can be done by organising a customs union, joint air transport, nationality, foreign affairs, defence and an approach to the Common Market. The Monrovia conference is being held for the purpose of trying to extend this kind of common approach to the whole continent. It will be asked to agree that certain problems be given expert study and the results reported to a further session in Lagos. No doubt there will still be conflicting views on many matters, including the Congo, whilst the different blocs will still vie for leadership. Yet the fact that such a conference can meet at all at this early stage of African independence is remarkable evidence of the will towards continental unity.

Congo

Tshombe's Arrest

The UN faces a difficult decision in answering the request from the Katanga government that it secure the release of Mr Tshombe from his Kasavubu captors. It can be argued that Tshombe deserves no succour after his responsibility for the murder of Lumumba. But that would imply that the UN should allow might to prevail and revenge to take its course. Yet if the release were attempted, the Kasavubu government could claim that Tshombe is to be charged and tried, so that any attempt to release him would be an interference in the process of law. Everyone knows that law is virtually non-existent in the Congo and that the whole affair is part of the continuous political intrigue. If political expediency is the test, would the interests of the Congolese be better or worse served by Tshombe's return to Katanga? Considering that he has defied the UN in declaring his state independent, recruiting and employing foreign mercenaries, and cutting off supplies to its forces, it might seem that the UN mission has a better chance of completing its task with Tshombe in Coquilhatville than in Elizabethville. On the other hand, the seizure of their president has so shocked the Katanga government that it has now offered to negotiate a removal of foreign mercenaries from its army if the UN secures his release. Moreover, it is now revealed that behind Tshombe is an even more extreme separatist group, led by his Finance Minister, Mr Kibwe, determined to gain control of the mining interests and use them in the service of a Katanga state. The permanent removal of Tshombe from Katanga might face both the Kasavubu central government and the UN with even more intransigent resistance.

In this highly complex situation, Mr Hammarskjold has perhaps his first opportunity for constructive toughness since the operation started. Armed with the Security Council mandate to prevent civil war and remove the foreigners, if necessary by force, he may at last hold the cards to force the Congolese leaders to reach a political settlement and to bring all their military forces under one central command. It is encouraging that the Kasavubu government has now reached an agreement with the UN forces, whilst the Katanga government is anxious to bargain. The joint influence of the entry of M. Spaak into the Belgian Cabinet, where he is integrating the African Affairs Ministry into his Foreign Office, and of the new American line in Africa is beginning to show both in Leopoldville and in Elizabethville. The main prize of control over the Katanga mining revenues is still being bitterly fought over, and, of course, is the real cause of Tshombe's arrest. Yet a federal structure is slowly becoming accepted as the only road to peace. It should not be beyond Congolese wit to find an answer which will satisfy political ambition, economic need and military security on this federal basis, though past experience in the Congo makes one chary of optimism. The UN can best help now by knocking a few heads together – hard.

Fleet Street

The Charms of PR

ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN *writes:* Voice and Vision, the public relations organisation dominated by Sydney Wynne, the former Rank Organisation publicist and son-in-law of the late Ernest Bevin, has turned its attention from members of parliament to members of the press in its campaign to sell the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland as Sir Roy Welensky wishes to see it develop.

After five trips, costing an average of £4,000 each, that involved 15 Tory, 14 Labour and one Liberal MP (the now defunct *News Chronicle* had to apologise profusely to one group for suggesting that they had put themselves under an obligation to think Sir Roy's way), the first party of newspapermen recently left London by air for Salisbury under the guidance of A. J. McWhinnie, who went into public relations after a lifetime on the *Daily Herald*.

McWhinnie has made the journey eight times in nine months. His bristling moustaches are now as well known in the Copper Belt as they are in the London Press Club. He is a born PRO, with a fund of salty but true Fleet Street stories that would be matchless stock-in-trade for any commercial traveller. His first press party consisted of eight people; but only four of them were press – if you exclude myself now that I am more the darlin' of Val Parnell at ATV than of the Beaver. The press travellers were John Connell, now free-lancing after years of leader writing for the *Evening News* and the *Yorkshire Post*; Tom Greenwell, former Foreign Office man and now leader writer of the *Yorkshire Post*, after spells on the *Daily Sketch* and the *Evening Standard* gossip pages (of all things!); R. D. Kernohan, leader writer of the *Glasgow Herald*, a Glasgow University and Balliol man; and James Pollock, head of the Rhodesian bureau of the Argus (South Africa) Newspapers.

I reflected that if I had still been a Beaverbrook editor I should not have been allowed to take the trip, at any rate at the expense of the Rhodesian government. But the *Express* is no longer shy of using PR facilities and has recently allowed Rhodesian tours to be arranged by Voice and Vision for Trevor Evans, the Industrial Correspondent, and Godfrey Winn, the sob writer. Whether either of these gentlemen felt that they were being 'brain-washed' by 'V and V' I do not know; but certainly Godfrey Winn's visit to the office of African Newspapers was not a success so far as Nathan Shamuyarira, the editor-in-chief of the series was concerned. Shamuyarira was castigated by our Godfrey in the *Express* for turning up at a Governor-General's reception holding the views he does about the place of the African in Rhodesia –

a comment that can hardly have assisted Welensky's multi-racial plans.

Was an attempt made to brain-wash the first press party? A full tour of the Federation was laid on: ministerial interviews in Salisbury; then to Bulawayo, where we were shown the best and the worst of the African townships, the best being very good and the worst being horrible. On to the Kariba Dam and from there to Binga, where the District Commissioner took us up country to visit the primitive Batonga tribe who had been successfully re-settled from the borders of the Dam. Next stop the Copper Belt in Northern Rhodesia where the mining companies have set up a free-enterprise welfare system for their European and African workers which makes the two-bob-a-go British Health Service look paltry and mean. On to Nyasaland, where Hastings Banda was unhappily away. That was the laid-on stuff, but the party frequently took independent action. What is more, steps were taken to put us in touch with all shades of opinion: in Bulawayo I had tea alone in an African township with an NDP man who seemed moderate enough in his view. I was also given assistance in seeing Welensky's white political rivals.

Among the Europeans the British press is almost as unpopular as the British government. It is alleged that tiny incidents are blown up for the purpose of giving the impression that the Federation is torn by strife. Even the *Express* group, which is pro-Welensky, does not escape, and a recent headline THIS MEANS WAR was shown to me with puzzled regret. Certainly the country is peaceful, if anxious about its future. My attempt to explain the British press on the ground that tranquility rarely makes headlines was unsuccessful.

In these circumstances I should have thought that the more British journalists who visit the Federation the better. It might indeed be a good thing if the newspapers could be persuaded to send out not only leader-writers but night editors, for they are the men who write the headlines. Night editors are a breed apart. They sit in judgment on events, but on their nights off they do not even bother to visit the theatre or watch TV, let alone travel the world. In Africa, I found that the capacity to lay out a front page can be a weapon of the Devil!

What's Wrong in the Docks

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Except that children were romping in the school playgrounds, it was like Sunday afternoon. Footfalls echoed against shuttered warehouses. No hooters sounded from the river, and the giant cranes, standing into a grey sky, were still. Some 14,000 men had come out on strike and turned one of the world's busiest ports into a graveyard. Even the pubs were silent.

Outside the main gate of the London Docks, three men – all that remained of a mass meeting earlier in the day – were leaning against a wall and talking about Spurs. When they heard that I was a journalist, they went on talking about the Spurs – after using one, short, expressive phrase of dismissal. They would not talk about the strike until I said that I was a Labour MP. Then one said: 'It's over a bloody little slit in the wall'.

A 'slit in the wall', I found, is one of those small firms with a warehouse on the river bank. Every few weeks a barge is floated in on the high tide through a narrow opening, subsides into the mud and then unloaded by a gang of anything up to 14 men recruited for that one specific job. When there is a lot of work in the docks, such firms have great difficulty in getting 'registered' labour – that is, regular members of the very close corporation of dockers, which nobody can enter unless he is nominated both by an employer and by a trade union and is himself the son of a docker. So, when in difficulty, such a firm may apply for 'listed' men from the pool which supplements the 'registered' men at peak periods or in times of emergency.

The particular 'slit in the wall' which was the cause of the present trouble – none of the three men I was talking to knew its name and I had in fact to ask 12 other men before I found one who could direct me to it – had begun operations about a year ago. 'To get labour', one of the strikers told me, 'they offered 12s 6d a ton, way above the usual rates. Then, after a time, they started rate-cutting. Came right down to 4s 6d, they did. Of course, the union put a stop to that. Got the rate up to 5s 6d. Next thing that happens . . . things get a bit slack with the big firms and some of our registered chaps go down to this place. And what do they find? Listed men are doing the job – listed men when registered men are idle. The firm won't turn these men off, so as soon as we hear about it, we all come out'.

When at last I found the name of this firm – it is D. Cohen (Strawboards) Ltd at Lower Oliver's Wharf – I called on the principal, Mr Lionel Conway, and his story was considerably different. He told me that originally the union fixed the 12s 6d rate, not just to attract labour, but because the gangs had to sort the strawboards into similar shapes and sizes as well as unload them. Because the sorting was inadequately done, the firm decided to use its own internal men for this part of the job, and negotiated a new rate for the unloading only. This 5s 6d rate was agreed by the union but rejected by the men who fell back on a go-slow rate of 4s 6d for a time and later stopped coming. At this time the firm applied to the Dock Labour Board for permission to use listed men. Permission was given. 'If things hadn't happened to go slack just then, no one would have taken the slightest notice', said Mr Conway.

Obviously, these two stories, told to me within an hour, differ about the facts and differ widely about the interpretation and implication. I incline to accept Mr Conway's version, especially since the union flatly refuses to back the strike on this issue; and when, further, one finds that operations at Lower Oliver's Wharf have ceased because another barge is not expected there until a fortnight's time, the unofficial action of the men begins to seem precipitate. What is more, most of the strikers I talked to agreed. 'If they'd just announce an inquiry into what's gone on, we'd be back tomorrow', they said. 'Call it face saving, if you like'. Wednesday's decision proves they meant it. But the fact remains that the port was paralysed for a week.

One factor I discount is the Communists. Whenever there is trouble, the Communists are on the spot with lightning efficiency, renting temporary offices, touring with loud speaker vans, infiltrating and buttonholing far into the night; but this is exploiting a situation, not creating it. I look elsewhere for the cause and find part of it, oddly enough, in a virtue – the instinctive loyalty of registered dockers to one another. If they hear so much as a rumour that one of their number has been done down, the whole lot are at his side, often without checking their facts first. This loyalty has some of its origin in the bad old days of casual labour when men held together because otherwise they would be at the mercy of a foreman; but it continues today because so many of the men have nothing in their work to be loyal to except each other. They seldom work regularly for the same employer. Many of the 'employers' are no more than brokers who hire labour and rehire it, for a cut, to other employers. So there is little chance for the growth of loyalty either to a firm or to a boss.

Another possible factor is the union, which is also suffering the defects of its own virtues. The Transport and General Workers really cover the docks. They have a sub-office, with two full time officials, in every sector; and in the Royal Group of docks they have three sub-offices. Whenever there is trouble, and in this mercurial work things are continually flying out of orbit, a union official is on the spot within minutes to deal with it. The result of such service is that members no longer feel any need to attend branch meetings and so they miss the chance to acquire the sense of group responsibility which branch meetings sometimes breed. In an industry where, in the main, it is not possible to grow roots with one firm, it is unfortunate that the union does not become a focal point for loyalty and a sense of responsibility.

An incident which happened some two weeks ago illustrates both the good and the bad points in present attitudes. Two key men unloading a ship met an old friend in a pub during the dinner hour and returned to work two hours late. They were not then considered capable of doing their work and were sent home, which meant that, without the key men, no work could be done on the ship throughout the afternoon, and the other dockers lost between them something like £200 in pay. Next morning, when the two turned up rather shamefacedly at work, they were sacked by the boss. At this, everyone else stopped work and refused to resume until the union had negotiated reinstatement of the two. The two absentees had cost their mates money; but, even so, their mates said: 'They're only human. We're not having them sacked'. This is a fine example of selfless loyalty but should it have stopped there? Having got the two men their jobs back, should not their union have 'branched' them and after fining them for their irresponsibility to the job and to their mates, told them that if they ever did such a thing again the union itself would demand their dismissal? Nothing like this was done.

A third factor is the lack of organisation

NEXT WEEK

The Battle of New Orleans

A report on de-segregation in the South

ANTHONY HOWARD

in the docks themselves. There are some 1,900 different employers, some large like the Port of London Authority, some small like D. Cohen (Strawboards) Ltd. The facilities provided by many of the small firms are bad, so that unloading is difficult and men demand higher rates for the job. The firms cannot readily pay these high rates. Further, only a proportion of the men are permanently employed even by a big firm and so have a chance to get a stake in, say, a pension scheme or to feel a link with the firm. The rest move around from firm to firm and from job to job, with nothing as their base except the fall-back pay of about £7 a week which the Dock Labour Board pays out to registered men, from a pool provided by registered employers, when there is no work to be had.

Can anything be done to improve the organisation of the docks so that the frequency of strikes, official and unofficial, can be diminished? I should like to see the wharves, docks and warehouses publicly owned, though not necessarily under one authority. There could, perhaps, be three public bodies, one dealing with the public wharfingers, one with the short-sea traders and one with the ocean shippers. Registered men could then be permanently attached to one or other of these authorities, could join in pensions schemes, have the services of welfare offices and provide themselves with a permanent base into which their roots could grow. Such authorities, through their size, could provide the most efficient equipment and facilities – as well as the rates of pay which are out of reach for many of the small employers.

I doubt, however, whether the three-man committee of inquiry which the government has set up under Lord Rochdale will recommend anything so sweeping, or that this government would accept such a recommendation if it did. A more likely proposal is for rationalisation, which would mean the absorption of the small firms by the large, possibly with some form of government compensation. This at least would carry further the process of de-casualisation begun by Ernest Bevin and it might do something to widen the dockers' sense of loyalty. Certainly it will be a tragedy if nothing is done to prevent this priceless virtue of loyalty from seeming to bring dockers in the future into conflict with the interests of the nation.

FIDEL CASTRO'S CUBA

Co-existence with Fidelismo

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Havana and Washington share one common belief. They agree that capitalist America cannot voluntarily tolerate a revolutionary Cuba in the heart of Latin America and within kicking distance of Florida. In Havana they see *Fidelismo* as a splendid menace to the US because its success stimulates anti-American, anti-colonial and pro-Socialist views throughout Latin America. In Washington they emphasise its Communist character, hoping thereby to unite the other Latin-American states against Castro. Latin-American governments are frightened of Russia; but they are also aware that they contain large minorities who see the Cuban revolution as the dawn of freedom.

President Kennedy declares that all issues between the US and Cuba are susceptible of negotiation 'except Communism'. His Secretary of State has now formally renounced a policy of direct armed intervention. What policy is then left to the President? He has two methods of bringing pressure to bear on Castro. He can tighten the American embargo and try to persuade other countries – both Canada and Mexico seem to need immediate persuasion – also to boycott Cuba. Secondly he intends to counter the appeal of Castro in Latin-America by offering economic aid to states which are prepared to carry out economic and political reforms.

I do not believe that Fidel will be overthrown by economic pressure. Without paying much attention to the claim that agrarian production has been 'doubled' since the revolution, one can see for oneself in the new cooperative and state farms that the peasants have responded to the land reforms, and are living in wonderfully improved conditions. Land in Cuba is now classified under three headings. The great estates, which produced vast wealth, but little or no food, are now diversified under public ownership. Whether they take the form of state farms or co-operatives (the system applied mainly to sugar plantations) – and allowing for many inevitable failures in practice – the change does mean that almost all the land is being brought under regular cultivation.

In short, peasants, whose pay packets appeared to me to be well above their pre-revolutionary value, can now grow food all the year round instead of getting paid as plantation workers for three or four months of the year. The third sector of the land is in private hands. The number of individual proprietors has been greatly increased by Castro. He has himself intervened to prevent local pressure being put on private owners to surrender so much land that they would be left with less the 30 *cabs* (about 1,000 acres) which they are legally allowed to possess.

Castro looks to the Communist countries to overcome his industrial problem. To meet his shortage of managerial and expert personnel, Czechs and Russians are working inside Cuba and Cubans are training in Prague and Moscow. Under his new trade agreement with Prague, the Czechs are to set up many new industries in Cuba and Cuban trade with Czechoslovakia is to be increased by three or four times in the near future.

I was told that the Czechs had already set up a plant for manufacturing refrigerators, and, as for the spare parts for American cars that purr along Cuba's admirable roads, there are two remedies. I learnt part of the answer in another Latin country, which for reasons of foreign exchange has excluded all foreign cars for the past seven years. I was told that the surprising discovery had been made that it is not really necessary to turn-in one's Cadillac or Chevrolet every other year. Properly treated, they last quite a long time. As a last resort, much can be done by cannibalisation; and anyway, what is to prevent the Cubans learning to make spare parts for themselves? Moreover, the Russians and Czechs are providing new cars from behind the Iron Curtain. When Che Guevara made his visit to the Communist world, he astonished his austere hosts by saying that in a hot country such luxuries as scent were necessities. But he seems to have been promised substitutes for most of the American commodities to which urban Cubans are accustomed. As for foreign exchange, Cuba hopes to be able to sell on the world market the 40 per cent of her sugar crop which is not part of the barter agreement with the Communist world and, in the not too distant future, to export her mineral wealth. Cuba has vast nickel deposits.

My conclusion is that even if all the West agreed to boycott Cuba (which is, I think, highly unlikely) the effect would be to make Castro wholly dependent on the Communist world, to make support for him more fanatical and his regime more oppressive. It would also, no doubt, reduce the Cuban standard of living. It appears to be a recipe for turning what might be a wonderfully prosperous workers' state into another shabby People's Democracy.

To judge properly the possibilities of Kennedy's attempt to unite other countries of Latin America against Cuba – the second part of his policy – we should need a thorough survey of the economic and political situation in about 20 countries. There are, however, certain general factors that apply in greater or lesser degree to all of them. All of these countries are in some measure 'anti-American'. Even those governments which most depend on American support are conscious of a desire for economic independence and very sensitive to the appeal that Fidel has to the poverty-stricken people over whom they rule. This potentially revolutionary majority may be Liberal, Communist, Trotskyist or merely anti-American. But it is practically unanimous in worshipping Fidel as a heroic liberator, a Jack who has toppled the American giant. Latin America has been flooded in recent years with Communist, especially with Chinese, propaganda; thousands of Latin Americans have come home from Peking enthusiastically acclaiming Mao Tse-tung's remedy for economic slavery. Washington bitterly complains of Fidel's propaganda in Latin America, but in truth the existence of a Socialist Cuba is a propaganda fact of such importance that it would be effective if it were not exploited by Fidel himself or by the Communist world.

To understand Fidel-worship one must remember that there are nearly 200 million, mainly hungry, people in Latin America though the area is naturally endowed with resources as great as those of the United States and Canada. By the end of the century, there will be 500 million Latin Americans, who, under the present system of society, will be even more hungry. Capitalism now succeeds in increasing the productivity of Latin America by one per cent annually, while the population increases by three per cent.

Official observers readily imagine that the huge peasant population of Latin America is not politically important. It is illiterate, Catholic, usually obedient and apparently powerless. But Fidel's name is known everywhere. He is the 20th century liberator, and has a radical new approach to the land problem, which has been both the cause and the stumbling-block of most revolutions in our time. The landless demand the end of great estates; yet, when the land is divided, the peasants are poorer still. The theoretical solution which the Communist world has found it so difficult to apply is to create cooperatives. Because of the peculiar conditions in Cuba, Fidel may possibly be solving this basic problem. Significantly, dictatorial or conservative governments in several Latin

American countries have responded to the Cuban revolution by producing plans of agrarian reform.

The third common factor which Kennedy must face in making his bid for Latin American support is that in no part of Latin America has democracy taken any firm root. The United States appears to look to a Bétancourt, the ex-Communist and now comparatively liberal ruler of Venezuela, as the democratic foil to Castro. Bétancourt, who once supported Fidel and then bitterly quarrelled with him, is, however, beset with grave difficulties. Venezuela, like Cuba before 1959, depends on one crop – in the case of Venezuela, oil – which has recently sharply fallen in price. In no country are the rich richer and the poor poorer; in no country is the army more dangerous to embryonic democracy and nowhere is the opposition more likely to prove more anti-American and more pro-Castro.

Recent re-assertions of the Monroe Doctrine have received nothing but opprobrium in Latin America, and President Kennedy was well aware, when he made his scheme for aid conditional on social reforms being carried out by the beneficiary governments themselves, that 'neo-colonialism' is already out of date. He had the clear warning of Dr Raul Prebisch, head of the UN Economic Commission for Latin America, who said, in recommending the $500 million offer:

> I do not think there will be many opportunities more. We now have the chance to build something new, deeply changing to the way of living and producing in Latin America. If we do not take it, the new generations will obliterate a world we were incapable of transforming and build another which may not be the one we would have wished for them ourselves.

According to a UP report of an interview which he gave at the time, the President spoke of the United States making 'a basic effort – a revolutionary effort, in the good sense' to satisfy the material needs of the Latin American people. But his offer was made to governments which in the main are bitterly opposed to revolution in any sense, good or bad. Even if the amount of money had not been so obviously inadequate and the authority for administering the bulk of it had not been the board of a very unrevolutionary bank, how could anyone expect that notoriously conservative governments would suddenly adopt revolutionary policies? They are themselves dependent on the landlords and on big business concerns which are the enemies of the welfare policies Kennedy recommends. The President's offer satisfies neither the material nor spiritual desires of the Latin American people. They demand first to rid themselves of American domination and secondly to change the structure of their country. There is no understanding of, or readiness for, social-democracy in Latin America.

The invasion of Cuba has not made offers from the United States any more easily acceptable. But we must not make the easy mistake of thinking that Latin America will therefore quickly or easily become Communist or near-Communist. Geography, we all know, is not what it was. A few years ago a Soviet clash with the US on the American continent would have seemed even more preposterous than an American war in Laos. The Communists themselves are well aware of the limitations of their power in the American continent. They know too that Latin American states want independence and fear Russian domination less than American only because capitalism is the evil they have experienced. Therefore I found in Cuba that the Communists were becoming the conservative party. They want Cuba to be a stabilised Socialist state, setting a pattern for the rest of America. They are well aware that Cuban loyalty belongs to Fidel and not to them. They have often been more cautious than Fidel both in domestic and foreign policy.

I think that they are alarmed – in this, no doubt, differing from Chinese Communists – at the prospect of too violent and too swift an upheaval throughout Latin America. They see the danger of conferences, such as the one that met in Havana last January, when many hundreds of students and workers from many different Latin American countries demanded Cuban-style revolutions against their own governments. That was scarcely a help towards an accommodation with the infuriated governments; and in the Communist view – at least before the invasion of Cuba – the path of wisdom for Castro was to be on friendly terms with as many Latin American governments as possible. They would have liked him to achieve a settlement with Washington. They walk on a tight-rope, and they are well enough instructed to encourage 'neutralism'. If Washington can discard the disastrous inheritance of Foster Dulles, it too will accept the facts of life and realise that it cannot put back the clock in Latin America any more than in Asia or Africa.

London Diary

CHARON

One of the most sensational news stories – if you can call it a news story – for many years was the suggestion that there had been CIA complicity in the French generals' attempted *putsch*. It sprang up over the week-end and then, almost as suddenly, disappeared. Of the serious Sunday papers only the *Observer* carried an oblique reference to the CIA in Nora Beloff's piece from Paris. The *Sunday Express* ran a story in its first edition – and thereafter lost it. The *Sunday Dispatch* was the only one to go it alone with the allegation – unsubstantiated – that Challe had confessed that he had been offered military and financial support by senior American Nato officers, and that the Americans' encouragement had been decisive in triggering off the insurrection. Meetings between Challe and his US advisers – 'men with fierce right-wing convictions . . . professional soldiers who believed that Algeria would turn Communist if France retreated – took place in offices at SHAPE as well as secluded Parisian locales'. High-ranking Belgian officers also 'urged Challe to take immediate steps to prevent another Congo'.

I don't believe a word of this – except perhaps the last sentence about the Belgians. But it does seem odd that a story which, if even remotely true, would be so significant, should be allowed to vanish into thin air. I understand that Paris rumour factories are now making the preposterous suggestion that General Norstad himself was one of the principal, though not necessarily direct, sympathisers with his fellow air force officer's *coup*. Surely this is a story which should have been followed up and disposed of.

Meanwhile, students of present American presidential form are quasi-humorously suggesting that the new policy is to put into practice the lines of the US Marines' marching song:

> From the Halls of Montezuma
> To the shores of Tripoli.

Republican cynics foretell that in the interests of the suppression of Communism, Kennedy is about to invite Franco's Spain to reassume domination over Cuba. Thus, a Democratic President could put right the 'injustice' which the Republican imperialists committed in 1898.

★ ★ ★

A friend just back in London from Switzerland tells me that Zurich was the centre for the financial backing for the French generals' attempted *coup*. The *colon* bankers from Algiers had been roosting over there like vultures, making preparations, which included a special benefit to General Franco and the Bank of Spain – the devaluation of the new French franc. Just how all these conspiring parties could have been so certain that they would succeed remains a uniquely intriguing cat in History's 'we had it in the bag . . .' department. One must, however, remember that they had succeeded, almost literally, in dynamiting the Evian conference. Where the *colon* bankers have got to now is a matter for speculation. Most of them are big property owners in the South of France and all over the Mediterranean. It's a case of hunt the flippers.

★ ★ ★

My reference last week to Sorge – the Soviet agent who became press attaché in the German embassy in Tokio – as 'perhaps the greatest spy of all time' has been challenged several times already in private conversation. At present, the most favoured candidate for this accolade seems to be the British Deputy Chief Censor during the First World War. The way he became planted was this: he worked for Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, and arrived in London via Canada with an apparently impeccable record. He held his post throughout the war.

Who was his equivalent in London during the Second World War? Probably, we shall never know. Judging, however, by Lindemann's record – faultlessly wrong on every single point as Chief Scientific Adviser to the Prime Minister – in the Department of Unwitting Sabotage, he would probably have found concealment easy.

★ ★ ★

HM Prison Commissioners should be heartened, while waiting to be absorbed into the Home Office, to hear of this unsolicited testimonial to their commissariat which has just reached me from Dublin. De Valera, the other evening, began, rather unexpectedly, to hold forth on the subject of night-caps. 'The trouble is,' he said, 'that what I really like best to put me to sleep is a nice cup of cocoa. But my palate has been spoiled for that by the wonderful brew they used to supply me with when I was a guest of Her Majesty's late lamented grandfather at Lincoln Prison. There's never been cocoa like that. Indeed, I'm grateful to God that they didn't give me a cup just before the boys came over the wall with the rope and the key.'

NEW STATESMAN INDEX

An index to Vol. LX (July-December 1960) is now available, price 2s. 6d. post free, from *New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1*

Dept of unhelpful comments: 826 people were arrested last Saturday at the Action Group's sit-down demonstration in Whitehall; all of them, I suppose, are readers of this journal; I wonder if so high a proportion of the readership of a single paper has ever before been arrested in a single afternoon?

One of them – a writer, evidently, as well as a reader – has furnished me with the following sharp *vignette* of the occasion:

> The man next to me worked in a plastic factory and two minutes before he got carted off he said, 'My wife won't talk to me for a month because of this. She doesn't see eye to eye with me. I had always wanted to be a vegetarian and she wouldn't meet me on it, *but this is a major issue*'. Then he was carried off.
>
> I, feeling that being lifted was faintly indecent, allowed the cop to link arms with me. The coach in which we were removed to Cannon Row was like a Sunshine Tour vehicle in which Americans are shown English beauty spots. The police station had been newly painted. Everyone was civil.
>
> 'Well, *I'm* glad, anyhow,' said one very smooth-faced policeman, who looked Irish but wasn't, '*I'm* glad we've got something to hit them back with.'
>
> 'Who's "them"?' I asked.
>
> 'Them . . .' he said, but his colleague, a prudent man with a prudent red moustache, nudged him to shut up. They both said they wouldn't get paid over-time, so naturally I sympathised.

* * *

The Rabindranath Tagore Centenary Celebrations this week-end are gratifyingly elaborate. Devotees can take their choice from a varied programme. It includes a Seminar on Tagore 'as a humanist, philosopher, musician, artist and poet'. The first session is this Friday, 5 May, from 7 pm-9.30 pm, at the Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1. Speakers will include Dr Ghosh, Dorothy Woodman (in the chair) and Freda Swain. Peggy Ashcroft will recite Tagore's poems. Second and third sessions will be on Saturday afternoon. The exhibition of Tagore's paintings opens at the Commonwealth Institute, Imperial Institute Road, SW7, also on Friday, and runs until 28 May.

* * *

Judging by the one I saw, the new betting shops are very like, only cleaner, their Dublin equivalents, with which I have long been familiar: Post Offices in which you are not encouraged to linger. More socially significant perhaps was the luxuriously appointed luncheon, betting, and gambling club to which I was introduced in Charterhouse Square. In one room was a long bar with tables against the wall, where you could get a luncheon of excellent steak from Smithfield market at a not unreasonable price. Next door was the betting room with a magic blackboard on which runners and prices mysteriously appeared electronically. There was direct connection with the race courses – a blower for the odds and a television set for whatever races were being broadcast. Members bet in cash at ease. Upstairs was the card room where most games can now be played that do not involve a house bank. Before the Act this would have been a furtive 'spieler' and almost certainly a haunt of villains. Today it was strictly legitimate. Everybody, from the manager, an enterprising Irishman who has taken to canning horse meat in Eire to sell in Belgium, to the waitresses were charming and polite. I even won 30s. It was altogether rather like the end of prohibition. You could take your grandmother without qualms.

Progress on the Tower of the Gibbons was going ahead the last time I looked in at the Zoo; the curtain should go up on this greatest of all acrobatic shows by Whitsun. Meanwhile I had to content myself with a peep at the orang mother and her baby and a further visit to the young chimpanzees.

Head Keeper Peckett, an amiable sandy-complexioned man who takes a genuine scientific as well as sociable interest in his charges, was seconded to the baby chimp house in the 'Children's Zoo' from the Monkey House. His only regret is that he had to part with his beloved orang-utang. These viscerotonic apes with their immensely long arms and dark orange fur seem more sluggish than the volatile chimps. Peckett maintains that orangs have just as much character and intelligence as the chimps and sweeter dispositions.

Watching these young chimpanzees, mostly aged two to two and a half years, at play, gave me a sharp sensation of what the human race has sacrificed in the process of developing its enlarged cerebral cortex, the great organ of inhibition. Even in captivity, life for these young apes is perpetual play and dance. They seem always on the verge of Art. If only we miserable humans could somehow manage to repeat, on a higher level, as it were, their joyful tumbling zest! I suppose that if I were to try I should be rapidly certified, battered with shock treatment, and then set to occupational therapy.

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Mr Scott said it had all been in protest against the manufacture of weapons of mass destruction; Mr Wesker that he had acted in protest against genocide; Mr Shoenman that he had obeyed his conscience; Mr Randle that the demonstration had been an attempt to prevent an international breach of the peace.

Sir Robert said 'I see' and 'Thank you' to each of them and fined each £1. – *Guardian.* (A. V. Beecham).)

While I was out visiting friends today, a coloured man knocked at their door. When they answered, he showed them a collecting box and asked for a donation on behalf of missionaries in Africa.

In Britain's great days, we collected among ourselves for such good causes. No wonder we are losing the respect of Africans if they find they must make their own collections. – Letter in *Daily Express.* (M. J. Lucas.)

Mr W. G. Glister, headmaster of Chesterfield Grammar School, fears that when the school moves to new premises there may not be enough parking space for pupils' cars.

More and more pupils are changing from bicycles to cars and Mr Glister has had to ask the local education committee to bear this in mind when they consider the layout of the grammar school's new £250,000 building. – *The Times.* (Montague Calman.)

Two Faces Over the Cot

PAT WILLIAMS

The son of a prominent South African Nationalist is now living here. In spite of his father's position he has the stunted, deprived look which one learns to associate in the Union with automatic race prejudice. When I met him at a party he seemed from this and from his crude drunken conversation to be the sort of man who enjoys beating up the blacks. I introduced him to an African journalist from the Union simply to watch the explosion. But the Afrikaner dropped a heavy arm round the man and fondly staggered off to the bar with him.

At the time, new to London myself, I was stunned. Under the weight of the hate at home I had forgotten one of our myths – that there is a basic attraction between the Afrikaner and the African. Since then I have seen it demonstrated time and again. The most extreme case is that of a young Afrikaans couple who run a club in Notting Hill. All their customers and most of their friends are coloured. I asked them if they would still vote Nationalist when they went home. They didn't know (they hadn't allowed the thought to surface) but the man, at least, thought so. 'It's different at home', he said. 'But we manage to get on very well with them over here, you know'.

On the whole they get on better than the English-speaking South African liberal, who tends to greet the African from home with warmth and a murmured manifesto about the freedom in England – but without the instinctive sympathy and pleasure that erupts in the Afrikaner. The English identity in South Africa is embalmed in a culture far away and out of danger. When English-speaking South Africans feel threatened – as they have done in recent years – they simply become more themselves. The pockets of plummy accents and the obsessional enthusiasm for cricket grow each year.

But the Afrikaner identity is tied up with Africa and the African. The Afrikaners left Europe as peasants, out of touch even then with the main stream of European intellectual thinking. They remained cut off from it for 300 years. Their only reference book was the Bible, and they used it to map the new world in which they found themselves. They encountered the new fact of the black man – and deduced, from the Bible, that his role was that of the son of Ham, the hewer of wood and the drawer of water. Their map never had much to do with reality, but from the beginning its fixed points were African, not European. And for a long time, from the Afrikaner point of view, it worked. Now it doesn't.

In spite of this, few white children born in the Union – especially in rural areas, which means especially Afrikaners – escape the legacy of this map. No infant lies passive in his cradle until his understanding becomes perfect and his judgment ripe. All round him people are behaving as if certain things are true. Their behaviour is the raw material out of which the child constructs new maps for himself.

Infants must work to produce some coherent picture out of their experience of the world. They match facts and ideas against others which have already found a place in the mind. If they cannot be slotted in, the feeling of anxiety, which the unknown always causes, will not disappear. If the environment offers the child a contradiction, he tends to minimise its importance and to accentuate those facts which confirm his original point of view.

South Africa offers the child a contradiction at almost every point. Fundamental functions

Friends of yours?

Certainly! replies the editor of the Encyclopaedia Britannica when his visitors see this old cartoon on his office wall. The conversation piece then goes like this:

Visitor: Who are they?
Editor: Two of the three Scotsmen who in 1768, calling themselves a Society of Gentlemen, founded the Encyclopaedia Britannica in Edinburgh. The one on the left, Andrew Bell, the engraver of many fine illustrations, was sole proprietor later on. He is talking to William Smellie, the first editor.
Visitor: Was Britannica a big work even in those days?
Editor: Not at the beginning. The first edition had about two million words and came out in weekly parts, until bound in three volumes in 1771.
Visitor: And now?
Editor: In the new 1961 edition there are 38 million words in 24 volumes.
Visitor: And how many authors?
Editor: 7,000.
Visitor: Scotsmen?
Editor: Some of them, more in fact than in the first edition because Mr. Smellie wrote most of that himself. The rest—the great majority of course—come from 72 countries. You know, we are all citizens of the world today and not just one country. Our London editorial office translated from no fewer than 16 languages last year.
Visitor: What a job! And how do you set about finding the authors?
Editor: Through our two editorial offices, one in London and the other in Chicago, and with the help of our consultants and advisers.
Visitor: Dozens of them?
Editor: Hundreds, actually. With the staff-editors and sub-editors they plan Britannica and supervise the content and checking of the articles when written.
Visitor: Do you manage to keep up to date?
Editor: No encyclopaedia is wholly up to date, but we work all the time, revising at least five million words a year with the help of over a thousand authors. In the 1961 edition the work of more than 1,300 new authors appears for the first time. We also produce Year Books, to keep owners of Britannica up to date, and provide a research service to answer their questions. Now we also have the Children's Britannica.
Visitor: I can see I ought to know more about Britannica.
Editor: **Everyone ought to know more about...**

BRITANNICA

ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA
11 BELGRAVE ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

in his world are duplicated. There are two faces over the cot, two sources of emotional security, two breasts for suckling, one black, one white. Only the white face can be acknowledged as the source of security and its corollary, authority. The child discovers that he holds by some magic the second face in thrall. How terrible would the retribution be, from these loving black faces, if the magic ever failed to work!

The contradictions are simply too deep to be integrated. There are enough of them to equip a complete, shadow world, furnished in all the important details. So the child splits, and buries the second world deep. One could probably say that the split exists to some extent in all native-born white South Africans (and could be shown equally, as a response, in the African). Round the white child in his early years are black nannies and black siblings sharing his life – but these must be banished by the age of six or seven. The mind relegates them to a shadow world, but the body's responses are more direct, and the result, among others, is the Immorality Act. Over and over again the Act snares Afrikaners, many well-known in Nationalist affairs.

I once saw the ambivalence crystallised in one incident, on a farm in the Northern Transvaal. An African youth had been lying smoking in the sun on a wagon full of straw. He fell asleep, and the straw caught fire. I watched as he told his Afrikaner master. 'Ag, my boy', said the man in the tone one uses on dogs or young children. 'You so silly, man, I worry about you'. He embraced the boy with genuine concern while he went on talking. 'You just must be careful or you'll get really hurt one day'. Then with the arm that had been hugging him he threw the boy across the room and beat and kicked him half unconscious. 'Now clear off, jong. I'll kill you properly if you do it again'.

The contradictions are acted out all round us: the paternalism and the evil; the housewives whose confidantes are their African servants; the artisans who, while fearing economic competition from the African, will fight for the rights of their own 'boys'. And in the press. Black newspapers and white seem to be writing about two separate worlds, until a time of stress, such as Sharpeville, brings them into focus. Last May the press, while taking different points of view, seemed for the first time to be writing about recognisably the same country.

The split is too deep to be integrated by a normal process of adjustment. The two worlds lie side by side, with as little to do with each other as the pictures on two television channels. Dr Verwoerd is not typical. One would guess that his madness is integrated. He has no feeling of attraction towards the African –only hate. He came to the Union as a small boy, and missed the early conditioning years that produce the schizophrenia.

In terms of political action the split, I suggest, has no relevance. Events cannot be mitigated by a common bond which the Afrikaner finds too painful to recognise. But in spite of the increasing harshness of the laws in the Union, South Africans on the left have in recent years become more cheerful. The colour line is crossed again and again, often by the most surprising people. Afrikaner Teddy Boys do it. They talk as Nationalists, and brutal ones – but at the period in their lives when they are against authority, they are apt to find more in common with the black world than the white.

At another level, the most intransigent opponent of race hatred in South Africa is an Afrikaner, Patrick van Rensburg, a former Nationalist diplomat; the most uncompromising 'novel of protest' was written in Afrikaans by an author who knew none of the similar English novels. And in England, where the threat is slack, a composite South African personality is emerging, which transcends race and colour.

It has been suggested that, after intolerable stress, a new view of the world can swing up to efface the old, and that this is the machinery of religious or political conversion. The Afrikaner is holding such a second world-view in trust. It would be absurd to suggest a national conversion, but it seems possible that (whether the stress is in the form of growing personal guilt or of outside violence) the Afrikaner, when he realises he must change or die, is equipped to change. More so, in a sense, than the Englishman, who is not as capable of a complete, irrational switch and must therefore readjust his attitudes at a more conscious level.

When the change, whatever it is, takes place in South Africa, it may be the English who will be laagering up, clinging to an artificially propped identity. By then the Afrikaners may have found theirs. It will be very much the same as the African's.

I was a Dustman

R. L. BOWRAS

I was once a dustman, or as the council defined me, a Labourer, Class B. In my 29 years I have been many things, a psychiatric nurse, a fine artist, skipper to a pair of narrow boats, and even a blacksmith. But this was the first time I had ever been a dustman. It is truly wonderful how ideas and ideals lead one away from the true nature of life. When I was 20 and silly I honestly believed that manual work enriched a man and brought him nearer to the basic structure of life, so I became a labourer. Since then I have never looked back in my career and no one has believed that I am capable of doing anything else. Consequently, after many jobs, a nervous breakdown and a council house, I became a dustman one early morning, by accident.

It was a usual November morning, wet and chilly, when I turned up at the council yard. The foreman looked me over and mumbled that he already had more labourers than pennies but he was one man short, would I go and join the crew of that lorry over there? I did so, not quite understanding what it was all about. The lorry turned out to be an old-fashioned and thoroughly evil-smelling dust-cart, with a driver's cab on it that would not have been out of place on the bridge of a ship. The other dustmen looked at me and then moved along a bench in the cab without saying a word. I clambered up and we drove out of the yard as I edged to the end of the bench, in a vain attempt to protect my only decent jacket.

We drove through the mist and fine rain until we reached the centre of the small town where I live and disembarked at the back of a line of small shops. The driver tapped me on the arm and pointed to a group of dustbins that were huddled behind one of the shops. I walked unwillingly over to them and found myself quite alone with the local butcher's bins. I wonder if you have any idea of what it is like to face four bins of animal remains, each with similar characteristics in smell, vision and sensation, all by yourself at eight o'clock in the morning? I can assure you it equals anything by Bosch. I heaved them up to my shoulders one by one and emptied them. By the time I had reached the fourth one, it wasn't too bad, but I still had a marked tendency to pull my cap down over my face, just in case I should be seen by a friend.

As the morning went on and I emptied more bins, I began to distinguish between the different types of bin and the different types of people that owned them. Some bins that are usually found in small dirty yards, have no bottom and as I heaved them up a shower of foul, black water would pour down on me, followed by a trickle of ash, the two mixed together making a cement that even a hot bath had difficulty in dislodging. Other bins were overloaded so that when they were heaved up a bottle or an eggshell would fall upon my head. Some bins though, and these are rarities, are fastidious, lined with clean newspaper and carefully disinfected and one or two people even wrapped each portion of rubbish in little parcels, just like so many presents to the municipal authority. I think that if ever a test can be found to distinguish those who care for their fellows from those who are indifferent, it will be found in the treatment of their dustbins.

At last mid-morning break came. We trooped into a small transport cafe and lined up for tea. The old hands sat at the tables and munched steadily at sandwiches which seemed to be made of more meat than bread, holding the bread firmly in hands that were already red with the ashes from a hundred household fires. A quarter of a hour passed: then we began to work again. Once more into the heaving, pulling, pushing of muck and ashes that makes up a dustman's day. The pile of refuse grew higher and I grew more disgruntled and tired. I emptied one bin and as I returned it, an old age pensioner came out and asked me to remove some unofficial rubbish (there is such a thing). I did so, and she pressed sixpence into my hand before I could refuse it. I don't think I have ever felt quite so low before.

One house we stopped at had a bin full of wet newspaper and cold rice. I tried to pick it up but it was much too heavy. I called to another collector and we struggled with it to the cart, then when we got it over the trap the rubbish would not move, it held absolutely fast to the sides of the bin. I swear that the owners had trodden down that rubbish in the same way as one treads grapes to make wine. We struggled with it in the centre of the road until an avalanche of muck began to fall from it, right down my mate's neck. He began a weird little dance in the road, in an attempt to dislodge the wet, cloying rice from his underclothes. That, I think now, was the beginning of the end for me: I made up my mind to cease being a dustman from that minute.

I never realised before the quantity of rubbish that one small provincial town can produce in a week; or that middle-class homes throw out only paper and ash, and that working-class dwellings throw out anything and everything; or that I could get used to an unvarying, unwavering bad smell. I never knew that some dustmen furnish at least half their homes and get all their working clothes from the tip, that dustman's paradise. I never knew that some of them earn as much as £17 a week – and with pickings to bring that up. But I do know one thing, and this is a dead cert: whoever it is in the future utopias who is going to clean out the sewers, sweep the streets and empty the rubbish bins, it is not going to be me.

LIFE HAS ITS MAGIC

Rabbits out of hats, ladies sawn in half—they continue to amuse and intrigue us, even though we know that we do not really see what we think we see. I.C.I.'s scientific and technological conjurers do not deal in illusion, yet there is often something quite magical about their work. Take the manufacture of silicones, for example—the most versatile chemical family ever evolved by man. I.C.I. silicones are equally at home in Antarctic cold and blast-furnace heat; on buildings, on shoes, on fabrics, they shed water like a duck's back; troublesome foams melt away in their presence; and virtually nothing will stick to them—from motor tyres and molten toffee to new-baked buns and moulded plastics. These remarkable fluids, rubbers and resins—built out of an element and a gas by the magic of I.C.I. chemistry—are daily meeting a new need or solving an old problem in almost every industry in the world.

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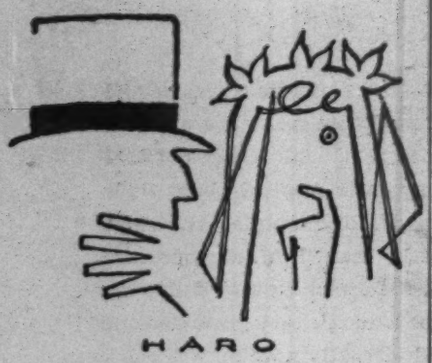

What is life for?

I'VE BEEN prompted to ask this uncomfortably basic question by, of all things, Penelope Gilliatt's film reviews in The Observer.

I have always regarded myself as a non-film-goer, yet have become a devoted reader of hers in the few months she's been reviewing. For the first time in my life, I've been made to feel films *matter*. At first I was put out by her way of finding unexpected moral implications in the slightest of slight entertainment. But of course she's absolutely right: films do influence people for better or worse.

She is also that unusual thing, a woman who is a wit. Her mention of those anthropomorphic people who say 'Please don't feed the parking meters' has made her welcome to five minutes of my leisure any Sunday.

One thing I wonder. Will she in the end be stultified, as I would be, by having to see four or five films a week? I hope and trust she'll show the powers of survival of her mythological namesake, that unwearying picker apart.

Appetite for plays

Her colleague Kenneth Tynan thrives on seeing plays. The bad ones sharpen his appetite for the good. If his reviews are sometimes savage they only aim to clear the stage for better things to come. His praise is as unstinted as his obloquy. When he does have something to say for a play it is usually because the play itself has something to say.

Which brings me back to the question, what is life for? I believe the arts are to do with this question and help to answer it. This seems to be the point of view of the reviewers in The Observer, too, which is possibly why they're so well suited to a paper that's concerned with life—not frivolously nor earnestly but entertainingly and seriously. I commend it to you. **J.B.L.**

Correspondence

STUDENTS IN THE SIXTIES

SIR, – The article by Mr Daly and Mr Sillitoe was impressively modest and well-informed. Can I put a different point of view – not because I can't remember living on a grant, but because they raise issues of some importance that I want to get discussed? How far do we want a student class?

Of course students should have higher grants. But they are a lower priority than – for instance – better mental hospitals, easier access to higher education, bigger old age pensions and a bigger housing programme. There is scarcely any hard evidence that inadequate grants are a serious handicap to any student (apart from the marginal cases of mature students, and students with premature family obligations). There is no evidence whatever that the means test is a serious obstacle to university recruitment.

The boy who leaves school at 15 is very lucky if he works in a firm that has a football pitch; it will be almost unique if it has a squash court. He will not have a common room with newspapers; he will have to get up before seven; he will be shouted at by foremen; he will have a fortnight's holiday a year; and if he is ill he will get less than three pounds a week. This is the reverse of the usual tale about motor-bikes, 20-guinea suits and teenage prosperity. Young workers, after all, have some right to point to the sports-grounds, the common rooms, the leisure and the freedom of student life and claim that they are very real benefits provided by them and other taxpayers.

I am not claiming that a student is rich; I am sure, however, that he is not in general worse off than many of his contemporaries in terms of sheer cash. But, more important, his life is interesting; he is free to come and go more or less as he pleases; his place in society is secure and respected.

In 20 years time we shall have 600,000 students. Unless we are careful we shall have a separate class, with publicly supported access to all the pleasures of 'culture', sports, foreign travel (encouraged to participate as they are in the name of self-improvement) while their less able contemporaries, and those from poor homes, will have far less of these things. And at 21 or 22 the students will expect to move on to the ladder of power, income, success.

It seems to me that there is something to be said for a policy that aims at two things. All young people, students or not, should have access to the sports facilities, and Union societies, that many students now have. And, secondly, vacation work for students should be recognised and organised, as a regular source of funds and, incidentally, as an attempt to prevent the development of a student caste, separate from the rest of young people. I am certain that most students do not think of themselves as separate, nor do they wish to; but the logic of their demands as at present formulated is to do just this. And, even in 1980, can we afford £250 to £300 million a year for students' grants?

JOHN VAIZEY

Institute of Education,
University of London, WC1

SIR, – I went myself to a Scottish university, St Andrews, in the 1930s and I teach now at an English provincial university, Leicester. But since 1946 I have visited Oxford frequently, often two or three times a year, Cambridge less frequently, and I have never found students reluctant to drink quantities of beer in any handy pub, nor, in fact, have I very often been able to tell from the manners or speech of students whether or not they were, in Mr Brian Jackson's phrase, 'born working-class'.

The attitudes of young people gathered together to learn in one place are shaped, I would think, far more by their generation, by their impact on each other, than by their social origins. Ten years ago, for instance, Oxford students were rather formal and polite, with introductory speeches and votes of thanks, and perhaps a dinner at the Randolph, when one addressed a student society. Today they are much more informal and off-hand, start the evening with a few pints of beer, and treat one assuredly as an equal. I prefer this, but it has little to do with class in Mr Jackson's sense, and much to do with a general change of manners working throughout the nation.

Surely it doesn't matter twopence whether one drinks beer or sherry, surely working men today are hardly ever seen *without* a collar and tie, and surely students have more important things to do than to nurse petty class-resentments? I suppose about half or more of the students whom I take for tutorials in Leicester are 'working-class born', but I wouldn't know which (all the girls, in particular, dress with the same good taste and handle spoken English without awkwardness or provincialism) nor would I, or any of them (which matters more), think it mattered.

If you have the privilege of going to a university you should fit in with the ethos and manners of the place. You would get your shoes polished by somebody other than yourself in a Russian hotel (I get mine polished, when they are polished, by my wife) and in any conceivable society there will be people like gyps whose vocation, not whose fate, is to do personal services for other people. While I am on this grouse, Mr Daly and Mr Sillitoe are damned lucky to be at a university and it is sheer impudence of them to demand, in return for accepting this privilege, the wages of a skilled labourer. In my own university days, though my father was in the pre-war £2,000 a year class, I managed on a pound a week pocket money, and was grateful for it.

G. S. FRASER

University of Leicester

SIR, – I rather often hear people explode with impatience, declaring that the student from erstwhile unprivileged classes, who comes to Cambridge, no sooner gets there than he begins to complain about what he has left behind. Brian Jackson's article shows how unfair this is: such students it appears do not complain at all, as a rule. And indeed it is their failure to do so, their refusal to become rancorous and self-pitying, which he cannot forgive them. As he points out, it is their middle-class associates, who have no first-hand experience of working-class life, who are as sure as Mr Jackson that there is a 'real if often raw culture of working-class life'. The boy or girl who has known what working-class life is makes no such claims for it.

It is a curious business all round. For of course a Cambridge education should and often does make a stockbroker's son from the Home Counties just as dissatisfied with his home background as a collier's son from County Durham. He too experiences 'the perplexing strains in home life, the loss of valued relationships, the extreme difficulties of keeping the channels of communication open, and keeping them clean, when so much in education presses to close or falsify them'. But so far from protesting at this, the stockbroker's son, if he complains at all, is likely to complain on behalf of his class-mate, the collier's son, who for his part stoutly declares that, thank you very much, he doesn't want anybody's sympathy at all.

How odd this is!

DONALD DAVIE

Gonville and Caius College
Cambridge

SIR, – As recent graduates of St Anne's College, Oxford, who overlapped for a year with Miss Anne Bavin, our memories of undergraduate life there are very different from hers. It is a pity that women themselves insist on reinforcing the stereotype of the dowdy, female bluestocking, who is, in reality, no more common than the dim, unawakened, male swot. Almost every girl we knew had at least one man interested in her, but as there are six times as many men as women among the undergraduates

it is hardly surprising that 'the majority of male undergraduates . . . don't spend more time with their female counterparts'. It is a natural result of this ratio that women at Oxford tend to be more intelligent than *most* of the men – the selection process is so much tougher, the competition so keen; last year, 250 girls competed for the 16 places in the St Anne's English Department. This could be one reason why the dimmer men undergraduates disparage the women – they don't like to admit that the latter are more intelligent. We also disagree with Miss Bavin about more women's colleges; a more equal sex ratio, besides doing justice to those women who now fail to secure a place because there simply are not enough for all those who might benefit, might make women less self-conscious about their position.

Intellectual stimulation from one's peers is a vital part of university life, but it is possible to learn from other women as well as from men. What we most deplore in Miss Bavin's article is the assumption that intellectual discussion in mixed company is not only superior to discussion among women, but the only kind worth having at all. We talked about 'life, death and religion' – and politics, and sex, both in mixed and in all female company; nor did we feel that 'entry to the lively theatrical or literary sets' was a necessary prerequisite to reading new novels or criticising the latest films. Also, we doubt whether rules, however medieval, restrict interaction between the sexes as much as Miss Bavin supposes.

We do think that Miss Bavin underestimates the women dons; ours were every bit as stimulating as the men we were sent out to. Indeed, an academic career is often less of a retreat from 'life' for women than for men; for women it is success, for men it *can* mean withdrawing to an ivory tower.

It is impossible to disprove most of what Miss Bavin says, as it is a matter of opinion rather than fact. The only time either of us was offered cocoa was by a man, but we drank plenty of whisky – maybe we were just lucky. It is time that women stopped blaming external factors for their own shortcomings and failures, as a group and individually. If they are a second-class sex, it is because they wish to be.

MARY MCINTOSH
ELIZABETH WILSON

5 Victoria Gardens
W11

MRA AND ALGIERS

SIR, – Should the MRA accidentally omit to publicise the fact in a full page of the *Guardian* or of the *Observer*, it should be known that Edmond Jouhaud, the glorious Victor of Sakiet, and one of the four ex-generals of the latest Algerian coup, has long been an ardent champion of 'Moral Rearmament' and of 'positive' world peace through ideological courage and individual 'change'. His latest contribution to the strength of the West will be noted with interest by all MRA supporters and by the British public.

MAURICE CAPEL

21 Huron Crescent
Cardiff

LEARNING TO READ

SIR, – Kathleen Allen and her five-year-olds probably do find it quick and interesting to read by learning whole words. But unfortunately many of her children are going to run into trouble when they want to stretch their reading beyond their limited vocabulary.

As a grammar school teacher I am always hearing: 'Little Johnny was so good at reading at Primary School. He could read when he was five. I can't understand why his English is so bad now.' Investigation usually reveals that Little Johnny learnt to read by the 'modern' whole-word method. When he reads, his eyes travel in jerks from the middle of one word to the next. If he happens to recognise the word all is well, but if it is unfamiliar, his eyes then have to go back to the beginning of the word and attempt

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How long . . . ?

Whatever happens in Algeria, the refugees face a new anguish of waiting; of continued hunger and lack of shelter. Even peace would bring no early return to the ruined villages that are 'home.' Most of the 250,000 homeless (mainly women and children) face renewed hardships.

We need extra help quickly if the long wait is not to end simply in death for the sick and undernourished.

Urgent projects for Algerian homeless need help now

We must not fail Algerian refugees in this new crisis. NEW STATESMAN readers have already given generously. We ask you to give again – to help them survive; to give treatment to TB and undernourished children; to provide medicines and food; to prevent utter destitution among old people, widows and students. And to help wipe out Favus, the distressingly painful and horrible scalp disease widespread among children. At present 'treated' with used engine oil it can now be permanently eradicated by a newly proved oral antibiotic, Griseofulvin (£10,000 is needed for this one project alone).

Your contribution is needed for immediate use—please send to:—

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to build it up. This backward and forward motion of the eyes soon becomes habitual, and letters in familiar words are then seen in the wrong order, so 'form' becomes 'from', 'meat' becomes 'team', and so on, not only in reading, but also in writing. He is probably good at mathematics, as figures are read from right to left.

But the English language is built up from left to right. The eyes of a good reader travel fairly uniformly along the line, never 'backwards and forwards half its length, with a short uneasy motion'.

The whole-word system is, I'm afraid, another example of an easy way out for the initial stages which can hinder later development because it teaches a faulty technique, and at such a deep level, it is most difficult to correct.

L. E. W. SMITH

Ottery St Mary
Devon

THE SIQUEIROS CASE

SIR, – In your issue of 28 April Mrs Siqueiros appeals 'to all who value both liberty and art' to protest against the imprisonment by the Mexican government of her husband David Alfaro Siqueiros, the famous artist. She explains that Siqueiros has been jailed for expressing opposition to the policies of the Mexican government and for his solidarity with persecuted Mexican workers; and she pleads that these his actions are 'more pertinent at the present time' than Siqueiros' participation in the attacks on Trotsky 20 years ago. In response to this appeal I would like to join those who protest against the victimization of Siqueiros and the revolting manner in which the government of his country has kept him in jail for eight months under the ludicrous charge of 'Social Dissolution', under which 'any criticism of the government can be construed as criminal conspiracy'.

Mrs Siqueiros claims that her husband was not implicated in the murder of Sheldon Harte, one of Trotsky's secretaries in Mexico and that he merely led 'a demonstrative attack on the Trotsky home in order to expose publicly the fact that it was an *illegal military centre* in the heart of Mexico City' (My italics). I wonder why Mrs Siqueiros should repeat so stupid a claim 20 years after the event? In what sense was Trotsky's home in Mexico an 'illegal military centre'? Every word in this statement is untrue and absurd. The 'military centre' consisted of Trotsky, his wife, grandchild, and a few secretaries and bodyguards, none of whom engaged in any military activity. It was not 'illegal', for it was President Cardenas who granted Trotsky asylum and it was the Mexican police, the police of what was then a revolutionary regime, that guarded Trotsky's home and was overpowered by the attackers. Whether Siqueiros was or was not involved in the murder of Sheldon Harte, he was among those who expressed solidarity with Trotsky's assassins and among the moral instigators of the crime. In his eyes Trotsky was guilty of 'Social Dissolution', a charge under which the Stalinists 'construed any criticism' of Stalin as 'criminal conspiracy'.

On the part of the great artist this was a sad aberration, which has for ever blotted his record. Mrs Siqueiros does not strengthen her appeal on his behalf when she still refers to Trotsky's home in Mexico as an 'illegal military centre'. However, she is right in pleading that the present persecution of her husband has nothing to do with his repugnant activities of 1940.

ISAAC DEUTSCHER

Wokingham, Berks.

IRISH PEDANTRY

SIR, – I wonder would Charon (and others) mind not describing the two parts of this partitioned country as 'Eire' and 'Ulster'. *Eire* is the Irish word for Ireland – the whole island, that is to say. It is not normal, I believe, to refer to Germany as *Deutschland*, when speaking English.

Ulster is an Irish province of nine counties, only six of which are in Northern Ireland. (Cavan, whence I write, is in Ulster, but is also in the Irish Republic; the others are Donegal and Monaghan.)

KILBRACKEN

Killegar
Cavan

AFRICAN MUSIC & DRAMA

SIR, – The premiere of *King Kong* raised about £2,500 for the African Music and Drama Trust. However, the Trust has been asked to raise £50,000 to provide a permanent centre for the training and encouragement of African composers, musicians and actors.

We hope your readers will respond to this appeal. Donations should be sent to – The African Music and Drama Trust, 140 Southwark Street, SE1. Good books, plays, magazines on the theatre and music, and instruments of a portable kind, are also welcome.

ROBIN DENISTON

THE VOICE OF THE TORTOISE

SIR, – My friend, Mr Richard Crossman, in his revealing review of *A Prime Minister Remembers* draws the analogy between Lord Attlee and 'the tortoise, with its little head and bright eyes poking out from below the shell'. Has he forgotten completely the story of the tortoise and the hare? And is there any way in which we, his friends, can persuade him of the occasional efficacy of tortoises; and also to be less enamoured of the role of the perpetual political hare?

DESMOND DONNELLY

Dyfed, Roch
Pembrokeshire

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Chief Boy

COLIN MACINNES

The prophetic book was *Kim*, and the new revelation *Scouting for Boys* – a startling example of the power of the Word: for when Baden-Powell issued his six fortnightly messages in 1908, there were no Scouts except for those he had camped with a year earlier on Brownsea Island. The Book came before the Movement and created it.

To propagate his idea, the hero of Mafeking possessed the skills of a maverick general and, less remembered, those of journalist, actor, artist, spy and copper – all of which talents were reflected in the Movement's burgeoning ideology. This swiftly grew into the weirdest blend of Old Tory militarism, Arthurian mysticism, masonic secrecy and ritual, non-sectarian religiosity, nature and beast worship, and a passion for peoples (Red Indian, Australian aborigine, African tribesmen) whom Christian imperialism had tried for centuries to destroy. To thousands of urban, industrialised lads in fat, crumbling Edwardian England, his call sounded like a sacred dinner bell. They donned shorts, seized staves, pledged dangerous vows, and rallied to their self-elected Chief.

Above boy level, B-P's support came from his monarchs (all four of them, consistently) and from those few in high places who shared Kipling's exacting, never-realised vision of their country's destiny. Orthodox (that is – then as now – empirical) Conservatives had no time for him, especially top military brass. In Africa, while they had blundered blindfold yearly on to the Transvaal, B-P had filched their laurels by his strategically irrelevant and brilliantly publicised exploit in Bechuanaland. (Perhaps they suspected, too, that he admired and understood Boer tactics – disloyally to brother generals using those of the Crimea.) Such stalwarts may have also sensed that if Scouting belongs unquestionably to the Right, a lot of its concepts were subversive – or seemed so 50 years ago; indeed some of them, though gripped within a framework of conformity, still are.

The most disquieting was B-P's notion of the soldier. It is closer to Wingate's or Montgomery's (who both surely learned from him – in public relations if not tactics) than to any beloved of British brass. Apologists for Scouting tie themselves in granny knots trying to prove their Movement is 'non-military', though Baden-Powell's writings make it very clear for which activity his Scouts should chiefly be prepared. Yet para-military in the manner of the Boys' Brigade – 20 years older than the Scouts and never, despite formally swapped salutes, friendly to them – the Movement certainly was not. B-P believed in the discipline of consent, given freely by individuals to an acknowledged leader; and if anyone is his true military heir today, it is Dayan.

Then, his ambiguous attitudes to class and race. He was in both a paternalist; but he did believe that if you thought yourself the better man (boy scouts are 'men'), you must prove it by drastic personal ordeals, unprotected by 'background'. Anyone with youthful memories of cosmopolitan Scout camps can vouch that – if only within that closed, artificial, momentary world – guile, brawn and personality alone forged the master race. Accent and colour lost their power – as they do in the army itself (among 'other ranks'), or in the republic of a prison, whatever the structure of society outside may be. Within these three institutions there may be found a rough parody of communist existence, which capitalism has unconsciously created in its midst.

His feeling for 'primitive' peoples was disturbing. It was 'romantic', sure enough, but not condescending. He thought our skills finer, but respected and envied theirs and taught his Scouts to. His instinct for nature was the same. We English, great country-lovers, are its cruellest vandals; and animals, which we so much cherish, we slaughter, debase into pets, and devour in ravenous platefuls. The wonder of animal life, and our ancient kinship with it, we have lost; B-P tried to rediscover them, and bring the jungle into towns. He also restored the night to city boys who'd switched it out, and told Scouts how not to fear the dark.

But his most original and, in its day, unorthodox conception was of what young boys are and need. They like to be bossed – and trusted: not bullied, adulated, or neglected. B-P, born in 1857, was no Victorian in his attitude to kids. Right from the start, in *Scouting for Boys* Part I, he issued instructions, asked for reactions. He knew boys can teach men; and he didn't try to 'teach' anything he couldn't himself do. In an era of bad food and pauper hospitals, he fussed sensibly over the lads' health: though best remembered for his sermons about knots, his Ambulance Badge was the one he told them to value most.

Those who mistrusted these qualities could find reassurance in the fatal limitations of his message. In *Scouting for Boys* and, even more, the later *Rovering to Success*, the pallid passages are on politics and sex. The earlier book – naturally, considering its period – is downright and brisk on empire and onanism: this good, that bad – take it or leave it, men. By 1922, in the Rover book, B-P had mellowed. On sex, there's still much on the pistil's reception of the stamen, and the corrective raptures of 'a wet and scrubby towell'; but he does allow that 'if we were living in a primitive state of nature, boys would behave about sex matters just like our friend the stag!' (his exclamation mark). In the chapter on politics, he admits that 'Labour has gradually and steadily raised itself on its merits as a National institution, through the work of a succession of earnest, far-seeing men.' Short of this, his thought halts at a cartoon wherein Employer and Worker throw off Profiteer and Communist, and join hands with John Bull to exchange Contracts for Tools.

This failure to confront adolescent maturity has kept the Movement permanently in short pants. In its *Official History**, the three writers (all 'Scouters') report on the leadership's recurrent and perplexed dismay that so few Cubs become Scouts, and even fewer Scouts want to be Rovers. The clue to this mystery may be that an adolescent boy starts to think of girls, and of what sort of world he's got to work in; and finding the Movement vague in these key matters, he hangs up his lanyard and departs. Thus, at its senior levels, Scouting attracts mostly the man-boy of Anglo-Saxon cultures – of which the Chief himself was a notable example. The *History* tells us, not surprisingly, that Senior and Rover Scouts are only a fraction of the whole, and that Wolf Cubs already outnumber Scouts themselves. Mowgli still howls compellingly from the wilds; young Kimball retired when the last troopship left Bombay.

The case of the Left against the Movement, in substance correct, has often been unjust in detail. The Scouts were never, as has been alleged, incipient fascists. As early as 1920, when John Hargrave, then Commissioner for Woodcraft and Camping, tried to transform the Movement into a neo-pagan cult, B-P smelt heresy and sacked him; whereupon he founded his own Kibbo Kift ('The Strong'), anointed himself 'White Fox', and in 1929 became a Social Credit Green Shirt. When fascists on the Continent grabbed power, they promptly suppressed local Scouts – not merely as rival storm troopers, but because some measure of individualism and international goodwill were by then built into the Movement's ethos. (On the advent of Hitler the swastika 'Thanks Badge' had promptly to be withdrawn – a confusion of emblems that may also have vexed Kipling's final years.)

The charge of clerical indoctrination (revived as recently as 1954 in the Lords by the first Viscount Stansgate) also needs qualifying. B-P's God, like Kipling's, was non-denominational; and the scope of the Movement proves that non-Christian peoples find it acceptable and – perhaps a harder feat of persuasion – Roman Catholic nations as well as Protestant. Primitive sectarian endeavours to make Scouting itself a 'religion' were also roundly pronounced anathema. As for the notion that Gilwell Park, the Scouts' international shrine, is a sort of Caux for congresses of do-badders masked as gooders, the Movement's chronic poverty is the best disproof. Unlike divinely subsidised MRA, the Scouts are perpetually obliged to beg by public appeals or by the amiable blackmail of *Gang Show* and 'Bob-a-Job'.

B-P has also been accused of Caesarism. Certainly, in earliest days, the Chief him-

* *B-P's Scouts*. By HENRY COLLIS, FRED HURLL and REX HAZLEWOOD. *Collins*. 21*s*.

self loomed large on the Movement's widening horizon: perhaps because he knew that until he got Scouting moving, he really was it. Hints were heard too, in the 1920s, that the hereditary principle had much to recommend it; but this concept failed to impress the Scouts' increasing confidence in their own right to shape the Movement. As this broadened, so did B-P's ideas. So far as he could, in what had perforce become a complex organisation, he decentralised authority on to counties and, later, nations. Five years before his death in 1941, he chose a Deputy (Lord Somers) who was in fact Chief Scout elect. Today the succession seems if not democratic, papal; with B-P not over-sanctified, but remembered as the unique Founder.

There are now over six million World Scouts of all ages, about a third of them in the Commonwealth. As the figures rise annually, the force of the Founder's vision wanes, if only because so many of his novelties have faded or become familiar (shorts, for example, deemed 'indecent' in 1908, are no longer thought to be so). Boys mature earlier, 'spending money' offers other alternatives to the tyrannies of poverty – and of Mum and Dad. The 'problem' of youth is no longer its constriction, but its freedom not to know what it wants to do. Boys, as they always have and will, like to move in mobs; but suspect adult organisation, and aren't very satisfied with their own.

The Right, by tradition, steals the Left's ideas: this custom could be reversed. So far as it's possible to judge, the teenage and sub-teenage youth of England remain uncommitted – 'non-political' but radical, even anarchic. A young educated elite is now increasingly involved in socialist thinking; but between them and the vast mass of youngsters (let alone between all youth and the titular leaders of the Left) an enormous chasm gapes, without a bridge. B-P was keen on bridges – no doubt he thought them a useful extension of his cherished knots. He saw his chance to build one between the young and the Old Right in 1907; and if anyone of the Left feels like mocking at what he did, the last laugh (or smile and whistle, as he might say) is still so far with Baden-Powell.

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR

HUGH THOMAS

Cyril Connolly, *Sunday Times*: 'I have read it from cover to cover with enthralling interest . . . almost no aspect of the Civil War escapes him in this splendid book.' **Richard Crossman,** *New Statesman*: 'A near masterpiece, an example of contemporary history ambitiously conceived and executed on the grandest scale. He excels in narrative skill and he has assimilated the facts so completely that he can use them as parts of an immense tragic composition.' **Michael Howard,** *Listener*: 'He writes with fluency, insight and wit [and] a scholarly ability which the most arid professional might envy. Likely to remain the indispensable standard work for many years to come.' **Kenneth Allsop:** 'The plain and detailed narrative has the spiralling drama of an epic poem.' **David Marquand,** *Guardian*: 'Deserves to become a classic of contemporary history. The flamboyant personalities which crowd his canvas spring to life.' **Norman Gibbs,** *Chichele Professor of the History of War at Oxford*: 'Excellent, admirable . . . It is what it claims to be – an objective account.' *752 pages, 27 plates, 42s*

EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

A View from El Vino's

Headlines All My Life. By ARTHUR CHRISTIANSEN. *Heinemann*. 25*s*.

Since Mr Christiansen was for 24 years a most successful editor of that most successful paper, the *Daily Express*, his autobiography should be interesting. It is; but not in the way he presumably intended. As a narrative it is quite without form or pressure. He tells his inside stories of great events and famous men in bitty anecdotes, as might William Hickey with a column 300 pages long. His style makes for easy reading: he likes paragraphs of one sentence, exclamation marks, the familiar jabbing epithets. It is all rather like cinder toffee – tasty, brittle and soon boring.

The judgments and conclusions have little range or depth. The real interest of this autobiography lies in what it reveals unsuspectingly. It is in itself raw material, evidence, a specimen against a background. It tells us much about how one kind of character and outlook can make for the highest success in 20th-century newspapers. A reasonably rounded portrait eventually emerges from the repeated emphases, enthusiasms, dislikes, justifications.

In some ways Mr Christiansen seems to be what is called 'a good sort', especially off-duty. He is often kind, generous and gay. He can be frank about criticisms of himself and about his doubts as to his own ability. Whenever he takes on a new job, he says, he feels nervous and full of self-mistrust, a 15-year-old beginner again. In his early days he was badly snubbed by an older journalist and can now say, 'I have never consciously savaged a young journalist in my life'. He is a rather boyish good mixer: he writes like one and looks like one in the numerous photographs – plump, round-faced and with a ready smile. But both the photographs and the text tell a good deal more. Mr Christiansen is also a decisive and exceptionally determined man.

He is, in fact, a really professional 'newspaperman' in all the obvious senses. He is immensely ambitious and hard-working, with unusual powers of application. He meant to get on in his chosen trade at almost any cost (as he began to climb he was willing to work for less than union rates, and could sack a man out of hand). When he was on the job everything else fell to one side. He has a 'nose for news' and great efficiency in following that nose. If this were enough to make a great or even a good journalist (not just an effective 'newspaperman'), he would be a model for all aspirants. He is alert for big news before it breaks, quick and remorseless in following it up, skilled in presenting it on his front page. The accounts alone of his handling of the news of the R101 disaster and of King George V's death amply prove this. Occasionally he has sufficient insight to let a gifted journalist have his head. More often, he is tough. Less gifted men were 'put through the wringer and moulded my way'. Beverley Baxter remarked: 'Everybody is expected to write your way – the result is glossy and brilliant but it's soulless'.

Except where it brings in the usual clichés about 'the human angle', 'the human touch' and 'personalisation', Mr Christiansen's 'way' is seen to have little to do with subject-matter, but almost everything to do with *presentation*. He is essentially a packager, a 'projector'. I am prepared to believe that we owe to him, more than to any other single individual, the lay-out of most modern newspapers. I am even prepared to believe that there can sometimes be some gain from an intelligently varied lay-out – a secondary gain, since lay-out is a means not an end, and can be positively damaging unless it is used to body out intelligent prior judgments about the relative importance of news items. But this is the sort of judgment Mr Christiansen hardly ever exercises. For him, the package is more interesting than the goods. He calls himself a 'newspaper showman' and mildly quotes Hugh Cudlipp's judgment on him, 'The production perfectionist without a political conviction'.

Mr Christiansen is the outstanding example among modern journalists of the hired man, with no mind of his own outside his chosen field of 'presentation'. He handed himself over to Lord Beaverbrook:

> I am in many ways his creation . . .
> His political domination over me, which I have always acknowledged . . .
> The policies were Lord Beaverbrook's job, the projecting mine . . .
> His the policy, mine the paper . . .

(which makes the paper sound like something to wrap Lord Beaverbrook's fish-and-chips in).

> It may have been wrong for the Beaver to have supported Neville Chamberlain, but certainly it was not wrong for me to support the Beaver . . .

Even if Lord Beaverbrook had had much of value to contribute to British politics, the main issue here would have been unaffected. The issue, of course, is that of journalistic responsibility, its frequently trumpeted assumption of rights as the Fourth Estate.

Incongruously enough, in view of his avowed relationship to Lord Beaverbrook, Mr Christiansen is ready to make all the usual claims and protestations. 'The prime reason for the existence of newspapers . . is to publish news'. They have a right to know and to tell. 'There is one rule which should never be broken TELL THE PEOPLE'. He is sententious about invasions of privacy by reporters. He sounds a loud trumpet about moral purpose: 'Integrity springs from a sense of moral indignation . . . to handle news with integrity requires a sense of moral values that burns and burns and burns'.

We can only turn to the record as he gives it. There are at least a dozen instances here in which he either caved in, however uneasily, because Beaverbrook insisted (on Czechoslovakia, for example); or in which he maintained a campaign for the sake of effect,

('There will be no war', for example, hammered out right up to the outbreak of war in 1939); or in which he angled and primed his presentation, sometimes so as to hurt (the Peace Ballot, Mountbatten, Mrs Simpson, Driberg and – probably the worst – Laski). He elaborately arranged to hide a boy acquitted of murder so as to keep his story exclusive to the *Express* and provide a streamer of photographs of the boy's face across the front page. He calls him 'the lad', in an attempt, perhaps, to show sympathy.

It shows, of course, humbug. Mr Christiansen can be disingenuous, justifying himself retrospectively or by various forms of false logic. More often he is simply – but outrageously – humbugging. One could fill a review with examples. The whole thing is, finally, immensely depressing – so ill-considered, so trivial and tinselly, so gimmicky and shallow, so hag-ridden by means and so negligent of ends, so much buoyed-up with the newspaper-man's favourite bromide – 'the thrill of newspaper business – the fireworks'. If only newspapermen were a little more self-critical. If only some of them would give part of the time they now spend in laughing at other people to laughing at themselves, for being so boyishly sold on the glamour and histrionics of their own profession (Fleet Street lights, El Vino's bar, the Covent Garden pubs, all the hearty snifters) – they might shake the imitation star-dust from their eyes and see better.

We have, then the portrait of a man basically good-natured and cheerful, immensely hard-working, technically brilliant, gifted with a showman's hunches, politically and socially ignorant, and morally more than usually muddled – a man who gave his professional skill wholly to the service of a Canadian millionaire with unusual political ideas. Mr Christiansen has made his own considerable contribution to the recent development of the British popular press. He was one of the architects of the newer mass entertainment-and-opinion sheets. Luckily (though in the long run regrettably) the public seems to have decided to regard these papers as pure entertainment and to ignore their opinions.

The last turn of the screw comes from the fact that Mr Christiansen is himself from a manual worker's family in Wallasey – and proud of it. Remote from his background, he can be (as are all such autobiographers) easily sentimental about it. 'Give them the courage and confidence to overcome the drabness of their lives', he says. How? By giving them the 'glamour and excitement' of a weekend at the Savoy as an *Express* prize? 'Cheer them up when they are depressed; depress them when they are cocky; mould them': contemptuous patronage disguising itself, to itself, as big-hearted understanding.

The failure to 'connect', in E. M. Forster's sense, could hardly be more complete. To connect his early experiences (his penniless father's self-respect) with his own subsequent career; to connect the form of his newspaper with its substance; to connect the intermittent vague good nature with the deeper, unprobed professional cruelties. Again and again, I remembered that fine scene towards the close of *Howard's End* where Margaret turns on Henry Wilcox, Henry standing secure on his high professional success and refusing to face the implications of his own actions: 'You *shall* see the connection . . . These men are you. You can't recognise them, because you cannot connect. I've had enough of your unweeded kindness'.

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METHUEN

An Old Kind of Gas

A Lost Lady and **The Professor's House.** By WILLA CATHER. Introductions by J. B. PRIESTLEY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12*s.* 6*d.* and 15*s.*

There is a lady, somewhere between Omaha and Denver, married to a formal, honourable and wealthy man. She is (we are told) irresistibly charming, beautiful, light, vivid; and she is adored by the young man, Niel Herbert, through whom the story is told. To his horror and shame Niel discovers that the lady is deceiving her husband with a notorious profligate. 'Beautiful women', Niel ponders, 'whose beauty meant more than it said . . . was their brilliancy always fed by something coarse and concealed?' The language is florid; nevertheless, one can imagine a novel being written in an attempt to find an answer to the question. Unfortunately, *A Lost Lady* is not that novel. The beauty and charm of the lost lady remain throughout those of a figure from a boy's dream – or a schoolgirl's dream, perhaps. We are told endlessly of her 'grace, variety, the sparkle of fun and fancy in those dark eyes . . . '; but all her fine qualities never become anything more than so many rather novelettish affirmations. And the coarseness on which the lady feeds is described with a complementary measure of naivety and unreality. We are not surprised, for example, to read that there is 'something evil' about the lady's lover; after all, we have already been told that his hair is 'as coarse and curly as the filling of a mattress', and that his mouth is like that of a man 'who could bite through an iron rod with a snap of his jaws'. Subsequently she takes another lover who when he was a boy used to catch birds, blind them with a razor blade, and then set them free. A very bad boy, indeed; obviously no fit company for a lady with 'a gay challenge' in her eyes and 'a droll word of greeting on her lips'.

And does the hero of the novel ever ask the lady what she thinks she's about, taking these howling cads into her bed? Never. Instead he admires her from a distance; then he flings secretly into the mud the roses he had plucked for her; he mourns for the 'fine undertakings and bright occasions' she had graced; finally, he goes off disillusioned, consoling himself with the thought that he is 'glad . . . that she had had a hand in breaking him into life.' And still never an honest, piercing word has been said between them; there has been no true dramatic exploration of the contrast between the lady and her appetites; the question the novel claims to be posing hangs emptily in the air.

However, *A Lost Lady* does come within hailing distance of a real psychological or moral problem; it does have a rational development of a kind; and it does manage to surprise one mildly in the course of that development. None of these things is true of *The Professor's House*, which seems to me totally vapid and pretentious. The part played by the lady's 'charm' in *A Lost Lady* is paralleled in *The Professor's House* by something which lends itself just as easily to the vain gesture and the rhetorical flourish: here it is 'mind' and 'intellect' that we are supposed to stand in awe of. The story is of an ageing professor, who once had a pupil of genius, by name Tom Outland. And what a genius Tom Outland was. As well as being a cowhand and railroad worker, he was an accomplished Latinist, a brilliant amateur archeologist and historian, and a scientist of astonishing gifts, who before his death at the age of 30 'had discovered the principle of the Outland vacuum, and worked out the construction of the Outland engine that is revolutionising aviation.' (Later on, though, it appears that his big invention was some new kind of 'gas'.) Anyway, this invention, whatever it is, is now making money for another set of howling cads, which so distresses the professor that he simply goes into a decline. After narrowly escaping death he emerges from his decline and faces the future – 'with fortitude', needless to say. (But Miss Cather says it.) And there the novel ends.

As with *A Lost Lady* we are invited to read many meanings into the tale; to see in it a fable about the corruption of the products of the intellect, and about the capacities of the intellect for resistance and recovery. But the invitation is one that we can easily refuse. Quite apart from the farcical unreality of Tom Outland, there is the problem of the professor himself. He too is supposed to have a 'fine mind', of course; we are told much about the eight volumes he has written on the Spanish American explorers ('something different' . . . 'the design of the book unfolded itself in the air above him just as definitely as the mountain ranges . . . '); but the only time he actually opens his mouth to give forth ideas the effect is ludicrous. 'No, Miller,' this savant begins a lecture to one of his students, 'I don't think much of science as a phase of human development'.

Miss Cather has been dead for 20 years, and her works have no great currency, so there's no point in elaborating on the failings of these two books. But, equally, I see little point in their republication today.

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HEINEMANN

Lion of Freedom

Feargus O'Connor, Irishman and Chartist. By DONALD READ and ERIC GLASGOW. *Arnold.* 21*s.*

The facts of Feargus O'Connor's turbulent life are less interesting than assessments of his historical significance. For a long time academic historians were almost unanimous in condemning him. Some even attributed to him personally 'the ruin of the chartist movement': a complex historical situation was explained in terms of his 'wild' personality and his 'demagogic' leadership. The more we know of Chartism the less easy is it to see either personal or social factors in such simple terms. O'Connor's leadership, with all its obvious faults, particularly and decisively exposed at moments of crisis, did at least succeed in uniting people of different backgrounds and with different grievances in different parts of the country. Discontent was nationalised under his direction. Moreover Chartism itself as a specifically working-class protest reached a level of articulation and organisation which had previously been impossible: it was a political failure (in the short run), but in some respects it was a social success. Historians have been forced to revise their earlier conclusions not only in the light of detailed research but in the knowledge of what has happened to 'labour movements' and other movements of protest then and since. Today's headlines stimulate as much thought as yesterday's footnotes.

Mr Read and Mr Glasgow's study of O'Connor is timely. It is also useful, although it by no means exhausts its subject and in places does not go deep enough in seeking to understand it. O'Connor emerges as the leader the working classes wanted even if they did not deserve. Too little attention is paid to the illiteracy of large numbers of the working classes, and too little, perhaps, to the detailed reasons why O'Connor supplanted established local leaders. Yet the authors rightly point out the significance of the neglected facts that Hunt died in February 1835 and Cobbett in June. Owen was widely discredited, and O'Connell, who for a time had been interested in English discontent, gave his support to the Whigs. The detailed story of what happened to O'Connor between his break with O'Connell and his emergence as the most popular Chartist leader is particularly interesting: he became strong enough to withstand radical as well as whig and tory criticism.

Historians would be unwise to try to 'whitewash' O'Connor, but they will understand him far better if they consider critically two aspects of his efforts – first, his consistent attempt to realise a dream of popular Anglo-Irish union, and second, his far from consistent responses to the problem of forging a 'union' between the middle classes and the working classes in England itself. The Anglo-Irish dream dominated him throughout most of his active political life: it is significant, indeed, that on being elected member of Parliament for Nottingham in 1847 he spoke in the House of Commons mainly on Irish rather than on English questions. Sometimes he drew Scotland into the picture as well and talked of 'a holy and irresistible crusade against oppression and misrule' by the 'whole people of the three kingdoms'. Yet the dream never became a reality even after O'Connell's death and the temporary tactical alliances of 1848. More work needs to be done on the

Irish in England, but it is clear that there were few Chartists in Ireland. It was *The Nation*, the newspaper of Young Ireland, which argued that it desired 'no fraternisation between the Irish people and the Chartists. . . . Between us and them there is a gulf fixed, and we desire, not to bridge it over, but to make it wider and deeper'.

The question of whether or not to lead an entirely 'working-class' agitation raised questions both of philosophy and of tactics. Some Chartist leaders understood these questions far more clearly than O'Connor did, and what they said about them is still worth reading. No other leader, however, with the possible exception of Ernest Jones, became a legend in his own lifetime, and Jones himself, starting from different premisses, eventually reached the same conclusions about the necessity for 'an alliance between middle and working classes' that O'Connor had reluctantly reached by 1848. So too did Harney. The debate about the personality of Chartist leaders thus leads back inevitably to deeper discussions of the structure of British society.

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A Quality of Mercy. By PAUL WEST. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

The Native Moment. By ANTHONY C. WEST. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

The prodigality of art rivals the prodigality of nature. Seven hundred possibly review-worthy novels a year, seventy thousand a century, a million in a millenium and a half . . . the imagination protests, as it does at the thought of those billions of herring eggs, released so casually into the ocean with a minimal expectation of fertilisation or maturity. What can be done with the 15 ovoposited each week? Try the opening paragraphs, old hands say. But that, like looking at old scraps of newspaper, only leads to compulsive reading on, and hours are lost in following accounts of African boyhood, Catholic boyhood, coffee bar adolescence, Philippine guerillas, cattle-droving in Australia, cattle-droving in Africa. The blurbs? Notoriously unhelpful. Best, try the jackets: while they are clean and bright, they must be able to tell us something, even if only about the publishers' taste. And this seems to work, for a degree of correlation soon becomes evident.

A chocolate-box view of Florence does not immediately attract one to *The Tired Spy* by David Stone, an 'entertainment' in the genre invented by Graham Greene. Leading secret-service officer runs away from job and wife to paint in Italy, gets into love-affair with American girl and rough stuff with other spies. There is some sharp observation at the beginning, but it drifts into tame whimsicality. In this kind of fantasy, a lot depends on getting the details exactly right. Mr Stone is desperately knowing on several subjects, but trips up on such things as the take-off speed of Viscounts, the peak revs of Austin-Healeys and the topography of West Cornwall. Even that wouldn't matter if the book were really entertaining, which it isn't.

Professor Sir Bernard Lovell
Specially drawn for the New Scientist
by Feliks Topolski

Professor Sir Bernard Lovell, O.B.E., F.R.S., Jodrell Bank, says:

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Some Other Time is wrapped in an elegant pastiche-Lautrec by Charles Mozley (blonde, clothed, with champagne). This turns out to be the ultimate in jacketmanship: reverse it, and you have the back view of what is clearly a very provocative nude. Which side of the wrapper is *your* bookseller showing? The exoteric picture is the better guide, for although the novel is about naughty Paris, it is not unusually sexological. It is a modest and neatly told story about young American officers getting demobilised in the Paris of 1946. They have their French girl-friends, two of whom were collaborators; they get into a little Black Market work, but they're really uncorrupted Ambassadors, incapable of losing their native innocence. Then a nice girl arrives from the States and leads the narrator home to marriage. The dialogue is good, the characters crisply outlined, the historical details authentic. Hollis Alpert is professionally expert at hitting an acceptable balance between sentimentality and sophistication.

A witty drawing of Bourbon-drinking professors and faculty wives, in the Thurber tradition, covers *The Party at Cranton* by John W. Aldridge (no kin to the left-wing Aldridge or any of the others). In this case the jacket is misleading since it is rather better than the text. This is yet another of those mordant accounts of the English faculty at an American college; indeed, some of the other practitioners of this art-form appear thinly disguised as characters. Almost everyone in the book must have an academic original, since there are whole pages about people's idiosyncrasies of speech which could only be funny if one knew the originals personally, which I don't. Buchanan, the central figure, is Southern poet turned power-mad professor, and his lamentable progress to fame is reconstructed in the course of a party. The malice that glitters around him is so intense that only a personal feud can account for it, and the reader may feel embarrassed at intruding on a private joke that has gone beyond a joke. The style is early Jamesian loaded with witty allusions, and there are good bits of sociological humour:

> There were in Cranton a great many facilities for the tasteful pursuit of the good life, so many in fact that the facilities for mere life had almost been crowded out of town, and one sometimes had to travel miles just to buy a nail to put up the Daumier in the bathroom.

But the general effect is remarkably uncomfortable.

A Picasso guitar on the jacket gives a useful clue to the import of Paul West's *A Quality of Mercy*. This guitar, which turns up on page one, is broken and so probably represents Poetry or Art or something: it tells us that this is going to be an advanced and symbolical novel, and encourages us to give the author all due credit for attempting something difficult. A tyrannous old woman, her garrulous brother Camden, her neurotic virgin daughter and her Alsatian are living together in the backwoods of Connecticut, quietly eating each other. They are thrown out of equilibrium by the arrival of a young pair of sexual athletes, honeymooning in the next cottage, and the story rapidly moves towards double murder and suicide – the dog also dies.

This little story is filled out with flashbacks about Camden's early life in England: this is to explain his and the others' failure, which if ostensibly due to sexual difficulties is ultimately due to the metaphysical Predicament of our Time. Camden never did fix that guitar. The book is skilfully written in the American-Gothic tradition, in well-finished prose, but somehow never seems to make much impact. A first novel must owe something to other writers, and so it would be idle to dwell on Mr West's debt to Faulkner, who is curiously combined in some places with Compton-Burnett and in others with Lawrence. But the account of Camden getting wounded in the leg on the Italian front in World War II, falling in love with an English nurse, exchanging bitter and laconic dialogue with her, and mourning her early death, is noteworthy as a faithful retelling of *A Farewell to Arms*.

The only book this week which reveals a real talent is *The Native Moment* by Anthony C. West (not the Anthony West recently reviewed in this column, but an Ulsterman living in Wales). It hardly matters if the plot is flimsy and the central character not quite credible, since this is powerful writing of a rich texture: at last it becomes a pleasure to turn over the pages. It is in the post-Joycean idiom established by Beckett's *Murphy* and O'Brien's *At Swim-Two-Birds* (recently reissued by the same publishers), and makes a not unworthy companion to these minor triumphs.

A young peasant-intellectual comes to Dublin trying to sell eels; he is obsessed with the notion of marrying Tamar, the parish whore. In 24 hours he meets various people connected with her, gets drunk with an IRA man turned policeman, discusses the political and spiritual problems of Ireland, enters the dark night of the soul with prostitutes and tramps, and finally learns that Tamar has died. Written with energy and a fine ear for living talk, it is a threnody on the death of Ireland.

MATTHEW HODGART

Paul WEST
A Quality of Mercy

'Mr West writes with startling grace and precision . . . Can it be a super-subtle leg-pull? If not, it can be described only as an exquisite aberration.'
JOHN DAVENPORT

'Very talented.'
ROBIN DENNISTON

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Mary HOCKING
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'A true novelist . . . She writes economically and precisely . . . imagination and insight at work . . . I was reminded more than once of the early novels of Graham Greene.'
WALTER ALLEN

'Finely told study of human relationships under stress.'
Evening News

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CHATTO & WINDUS

Peel's Green Pastures

Mr Secretary Peel. By NORMAN GASH. *Longmans. 70s.*

Sir Robert Peel was unquestionably the greatest statesman of his generation and one of the ablest of all British Prime Ministers; yet he has never quite achieved the recognition accorded to Gladstone, Disraeli or either Pitt. The reason is obvious. Peel was not a Party man, but he had the misfortune to reach political maturity at a time when Parties – in the modern sense – were just beginning to emerge.

The relative calm of the 18th century was being shattered by the ideological impact of the French Revolution and by the changes attendant on the ever-increasing pace of industrialisation. Issues and ideals were again coming to be a divisive force in politics. For the first time since 1715 'Whig' and 'Tory' became meaningful, if still difficult to define precisely; and 'Conservative' and 'Liberal' were just around the corner. Peel belonged nowhere. Liberal by instinct, he was first a Tory, and then a Conservative, leader; the staunchest of Protestants, he fathered Catholic Emancipation; an avowed Protectionist, he repealed the Corn Laws. To Whig historians he was on the wrong side of the House, to Tories he was guilty of a double betrayal and consistent only in his inconsistency. He could scarcely expect a good press, and his apparent aloofness and passion for self-justification, though in reality the natural concomitants of a sensitive and self-conscious temperament, made him a personal as well as a political enigma. Burke had been criticised for giving up to Party what was meant for mankind; Peel was attacked for taking the nobler course. When in power he acted in accordance with his conception of the national interest, when out of power he scorned to oppose for opposition's sake. In a Party leader this might seem folly, but Peel never regarded himself as a Party leader; in a statesman it was greatness. Peel was in fact what 18th century politicians had always pretended to be – the disinterested servant of the State.

The only modern works on Peel are Miss Ramsay's brief but useful biography, and Dr Kitson Clark's more scholarly *Peel and the Conservative Party*, which is however virtually confined to the years 1832 to 1841. Professor Gash, whose *Politics in the Age of Peel* has already established him as one of the leading historians of the period, now gives us the first of a projected two-volume life of Peel that promises to be definitive. With 673 pages devoted to the years up to 1830 this is writing on the grand scale, reminiscent of the spacious days of 19th century biographers. But spaciousness now has its price, and the cost of this volume places it beyond the reach of all but the most affluent. This is a great pity, for it is a masterly performance, deserving of a wide circulation; though Mr Gash, by a tendency to labour his points, unnecessarily prolongs its length.

During the first three decades of the 19th century no one did more than Peel to lower the political temperature of the nation. The law was outdated and often barbaric, violence and unrest were widespread, industrialisation was raising problems of unprecedented magnitude. 'With a rapidly mounting population, a discontented proletariat, and a ruthlessly thrusting industrial society looking for new channels of expression', the limitations of *laisser-faire* were becoming obvious. And in Ireland religious passions soon rendered

critical problems initially born of political and economic stagnation. On these troubled waters Peel poured the soothing oil of his political sagacity and administrative genius. His Oxford Double First (in Greats, and Mathematic and Physics) might seem to indicate an intellectual, but Peel was above all a practical man. 'There is nothing like a fact', he wrote to Gregory in 1814, and Mr Gash sums up his technique of administration, perfected by 1817 and due to prove so fruitful in the 1820s and 1840s, in these words:

> The collection of factual information by means of carefully prepared series of specific questions to the men most likely to have access to the knowledge he wanted; the testing of generalities, opinions, and advice by reference to the facts; the prudent choice of agents; caution and scepticism in coming to a decision; and energetic action once the decision was reached.

As Chief Secretary in Ireland from 1812 to 1818, Peel served his administrative apprenticeship. By his Peace Preservation Act of 1814, and by his simplification of legal procedure, he encouraged the Irish to look to the law for protection; by his interest in education he struggled, though without much success, to spread enlightenment; and by overriding conventional policy he did much to alleviate the famine of 1817. No Englishman understood the Irish problem, but Peel was one of the first to appreciate its complexity and sympathise with its victims. As Home Secretary from 1822 to 1830 he found greater scope for his reforming and administrative zeal. The Combination Laws were repealed, humanitarian legal reform was effected, and the Metropolitan Police established. The spirit of his administration is best summed up in his own words of 1827:

> I may be a Tory, I may be an illiberal, but the fact is undeniable that when I first entered upon the duties of the Home Department, there were laws in existence which imposed upon the subjects of this realm unusual and extraordinary restrictions; the fact is undeniable that those laws have been effaced. Tory as I am, I have the further satisfaction of knowing that there is not a single law connected with my name which has not had for its object some mitigation of the severity of the criminal law; some prevention of abuse in the exercise of it; or some security for its impartial administration. I may also recollect with pleasure, that during the severest trials to which the manufacturing interests have ever been exposed, during the winter of the last two years, I have preserved internal tranquillity, without applying to the House for measures of extraordinary severity.

But apart from these considerable achievements, Peel had already in mind, as Mr Gash very properly emphasises, the blue-print for further sweeping administrative reform.

> Education and the Poor Law in Ireland; raising the standard of living for the working classes in England; tariff reform and retrenchment; the fundamental revolution contained in the proposal to revive the income-tax as an essential feature of peace-time finance.

This was constructive statesmanship of a high order, later given practical expression in Peel's great ministry of 1841-46.

Mr Gash's volume virtually ends with Peel's *volte-face* over Catholic Emancipation, and his impressive vindication of Peel's first *crise de conscience* is perhaps the highlight of the book; though it is rivalled by the brief but comprehensive introductory chapter, which so admirably sets the stage for the ensuing story. We are left with the overall impression of a great Conservative statesman approaching the height of his powers. For if Disraeli was the true founder of the Conservative Party,

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Peel provided its fundamental creed – due regard for existing institutions, a belief in the need for strong executive government and efficient administration, and a willingness to promote the gradual reform of proved abuses. Quiescent Toryism was shepherded away from the slough of mere reaction to the green pastures of modern Conservatism. It is perhaps ironical that, by his 'betrayals' over Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, Peel also provided the Conservatives with their most enduring asset – a flexibility based on the readiness to face unpalatable facts and accept the inevitable. This is what ultimately enabled Disraeli to espouse both Free Trade and Parliamentary Reform. This is what enables modern Conservatives to embrace even the Welfare State.

JOHN OWEN

Hard Luck

Underdogs. Edited by PHILIP TOYNBEE. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 21*s.*

This is a symposium of hard luck stories. From the secrecy of their hoarded pains and disadvantages, 18 pseudonymous men and women have jumped at Mr Toynbee's invitation to relieve their feelings. Crammer and Failure, Inadequate Education, Illegitimate and Rebel, Seduced as a Girl, His Father a Drunkard, Wife of an Impotent Husband, Homosexual, Accused of Theft and so on – they are, in their opinion, the insulted and the injured. Only two or three have some practice in writing, but pain has, at any rate, sharpened the power to put their side of the case.

They firmly refuse our pity; many show a gift for coming to honourable terms with their evil; in others an aggressive note of self-congratulation is often heard. The criminal has his swagger, the lady who claims that she was born so charmless that she arouses hostility wherever she goes builds a wall of bitter complacency; Illegitimate and Rebel opens with dark self-consequence: 'I am', he announces, 'suspicious of the great hulking piece of machinery called civilisation.' (The unloved always have the edge on us and they know it; even when, running out of compassion, we kick them when they are down, they defeat us by turning the other buttock.) But most of the contributors understand that whether we are top dogs, underdogs or plain dog, we have to make peace with our characters. Some, like Crammer and Failure, or Wife of an Impotent Husband, have got the poison out of their systems and advance beyond protest to a detached examination of their lot. Crammer is not really an underdog; he writes thoughtfully about one of the most painful forms of failure felt by a good many intelligent and sensitive people: why, despite his perceptions, is he unable to distinguish himself in a literary way; what has sapped his will? Was it too much tolerance, kindness and enlightenment in a home where conflicts were constantly evaded? He has failed to see the difference between intelligence and talent.

One extraordinary fact did strike Mr Toynbee as he went through the mass of material submitted to him: there was not one complaint of racial prejudice and persecution. Nor was there anything from 'our largest group of unfortunates, the old'. Are we protected by inertia? Is social injustice easily acceptable? Are the obsessive pains of life necessarily private? And isn't there a certain pride in pain? In hospitals, injury or sickness often gives people a distinctive role which our kind of society denies them in normal life. One has seen the domineering hunchback, the imperial air of those legless half-men who sit like chess pieces on their wheeled trays, in the doorways of the Middle East.

In one sense, as Mr Toynbee says, none of his contributors is a genuine underdog. They can all write, in some degree, and that act keeps the head above water. Some complain, with justice, that if society were less brutal their sufferings would be alleviated. The distress of Homosexual would be relieved if the findings of the Wolfenden Report had been acceptable to a majority in the House of Commons: he would not have lost his job, nor would he have gone to prison. The writer who suffered at the hands of a frightful, sadistic matron in an orphanage is a martyr to the ignorance that hangs on long in public institutions. People in his plight can only cure themselves by curing their fellow-sufferers. Pederast, on the other hand, appears to be totally self-centred, and would seem to forget that the instinct to protect the seductive is at least as strong as the desire to seduce it.

Fate is ineluctable. A mad drunkard rages round the house and gets out his rifle; a child's will is maimed. The bastard cannot help his situation; Unemployed Diabetic is at an unexpected disadvantage. The woman married to a violent brute could not have known. In mass society there is a large stunned population who are, quite simply, ill-informed and unprepared. They would have known better if they had grown up in smaller communities. Yet after we have felt compassion and have extended our knowledge of what is really going on around us, there is one criticism that must be made of all Mr Toynbee's contributors. We are not being told the whole story. Unconsciously we falsify ourselves when we present ourselves as a case, for a case is not a life or a person. Seduced as a Girl was, indeed, seduced and shocked, but did this have any real relation to the pleasureless, promiscuous life that followed?

It is very doubtful. Candour is a hard art. People who pull the skeleton out of the closet reveal little more than bones: the lady who suffers from lack of charm says next to nothing about herself, and evades by writing a solemn essay. Confession is an act by which we assume a solitude which is illusory. The defence of these writers would be that they are literate, but not gifted; their sensibility has not the power to extend. The gifted are those who have an ego so strong that, by a paradox, they are driven to transcend it and become humble. In only one of Mr Toynbee's instances – Self-Inflicted Wound – is the confession the work of a man of exceptional gifts. He is all egotism and neurosis; he is shameless; but he is also imaginative and abandons himself to words and the dressing out of thought, sensation and meaning. His abasement, his vanity, his abnormality are dignified by the punishing search for words to fit them. There is no conspiracy of silence or self-righteousness. There is in his case, above all, no *case* at all. We recognise a human being. Another writer who signs himself N.O. Goe – he suffers from an embarrassing stricture of the bladder – is not, indeed, in the highest class; but he, too, is something of an artist. He sees himself as part of a peculiar comedy. The moral of Mr Toynbee's deeply interesting volume seems to be that we are not the best witnesses in our own cause, if we simply make a stark statement of it, and that we employ artists because they know the relations of things.

V. S. PRITCHETT

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Deep Down Below

WALTER ALLEN

Of this latest batch of translations from Jules Verne*, *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* is much the most rewarding. *Propeller Island*, the story of a floating city, is a satire on the United States, as simple-minded as it is high-spirited. As for *At the North Pole* and *The Wilderness of Ice*, which are the two halves of a single novel, well, since Verne wrote them men have been to the poles; and though these books could be recommended to an intelligent nine-year-old as an acceptable summary of the state of polar exploration in the 1860's, they don't compare with the records of the real thing, and an intelligent nine-year-old would probably find a book like Edward Shackleton's *Nansen the Explorer*, based on Nansen's own accounts, much more exciting.

Journey to the Centre of the Earth is another matter. Here, Verne still does not have to face the challenge of any man's experience; our actual knowledge of what it is like below the earth's surface still does not go deeper than what may be found at the bottom of a coal mine, and for most of us it stops two or three hundred yards from the entrance to Wookey Hole. In other words, the book remains acceptable on the terms in which it was written; our response to it is governed by the power and quality of Verne's imagination.

Admittedly, it is a very limited imagination. With human beings, it can scarcely cope at all, and the three characters who go to the centre of the earth are as wooden as they come: Professor Lidenbrock, the German geologist who leads the expedition; his nephew Axel, who plays Sancho Panza to his uncle's Quixote; and their servant the Icelander Hans, whose only role is to be imperturbable and who *is* imperturbable. They are figures of perfunctory fun which must be accepted as essential parts of Verne's very cumbersome machinery, as means to an end.

The end is the rendering of the unknown, what in Verne's own time probably seemed the unknowable. This is brilliantly done. It takes roughly a quarter of the book for Verne to get to the starting-point of his journey; but from then on, as soon as we are in Iceland, the attention is continuously engrossed. There is, first of all, the sheer Defoesque cleverness of the narration, the do-it-yourself detail of the descent into the crater of the extinct volcano that is to bring Lidenbrock and his party to the mysterious honeycombed interior of the earth. Beyond this, there is the genuinely imaginative response to science. The scientific reasons Verne offers for his picture of the interior of the earth may or may not be valid but they are good enough to allay dissent. What is important is the excitement in the presence of science that Verne communicates. It is summed up in the trance that overcomes Axel when he realises that their descent is taking them through the whole history of creation. He see geological era after geological era, infinitely speeded up, move before his eyes almost as in a film.

This is splendid stuff; and so is the description of the subterranean ocean they come to and must cross. It is right, too, that in this ocean they should fish for and catch precoelacanthine fish, extinct millions of years ago. The fight between the Ichthyosaurus and the Plesiosaurus that emerge from the depths of the ocean is another matter. These reptiles, hundreds of feet long, are as unconvincing as I imagine their rubber replicas were in the recent film of the novel, which I didn't see. Perhaps there is no way of making them convincing to us now; and the uncommon haste with which Verne gets his characters away from them suggests that he hadn't convinced himself either.

The most curious episode in the book, though, is one which beautifully indicates Verne's limitations. Having crossed the subterranean ocean, Lidenbrock and his nephew wander into a tropical forest. They glimpse, at rest under the giant ferns, a herd of mastodons – domesticated mastodons, for a second glance reveals the presence of a shepherd, a human being 12 feet tall. They turn and run. And that is the end of the episode. There is no speculation about these giants 10,000 feet below the earth's surface, no curiosity about how they got there or about their culture. Almost immediately after, Lidenbrock and his friends are being shot up to the surface on the erupting lava that finally deposits them on the side of Stromboli.

It is surely very odd. One thinks of Wells. For a Wellsian man-at-the-centre-of-the-earth that first glimpse of the 12-feet-tall hominid would have been irresistible. In a sense, it would indeed have been the real beginning of the story; and by the time we had finished the book we should have known all about him and his society. It was beyond Verne's power and in consequence he leaves us tantalised and unsatisfied. Which is why, absorbing as it still is, *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* compares very poorly with a scientific romance like *The First Men in the Moon*. Had Verne written that, he would have stopped at the physical description of the moon; we should have had no Selenites. This is merely another way of saying that Verne is excellent for small boys, but that when they are a little older, when they have finished with Henty and Captain Johns, they will go on to Wells and not think of Verne again.

* *Journey to the Centre of the Earth. Propeller Island. At the North Pole. The Wilderness of Ice.* By JULES VERNE. Translated by I. O. EVANS. *Arco.* 12*s.* 6*d. each.*

Small Swede, Neo-Nesbit

Runaway. By HARRY KULLMAN. *Methuen.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Day the Ceiling Fell Down. By JENIFER WAYNE. *Heinemann.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Knights of King Midas. By PAUL BERNA. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Harry Kullman's *Runaway* (translated from the Swedish by Evelyn Ramsden) is the best children's book in a contemporary setting that I have seen. I say 'contemporary', but it suddenly emerges on page 33 that the date is 1929, though there is no other hint of this in the whole book, which first appeared in Sweden in 1957. Anyway, the

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A Yellow Robin Story Book	8s 6d	A White Robin Story Book	8s 6d

Longacre Press Ltd., 24 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2.

starting-and-ending-point is a dullish block of Stockholm working-class flats where Holger Jonsson leads a rich full life, partly in his imagination and partly in the teeming boy-world of 'No. 43 yard' that separates his block from the next. His brother and sister are going off to a holiday-camp, and Holger is sent to stay with an uncle and aunt on the other side of the city; but when he gets there, he learns that his uncle's brother in Spain has just died, and they are off to Spain that night, so Holger can't stay after all: his aunt presses ten kronor into his hand and sends him away. Holger starts sadly for home, but misses a bus, and by the time the next one comes he has changed his plans. A small boy asks where he is going, and he says he is walking to Spain. The small boy doubts if his parents would allow that.

'I have run away,' answered Holger.

At the very moment that he said those words he felt a wave of warmth and pride run through him.

'I have run away!' he shut his eyes in the sun and saw the words dancing in front of him.

HA AY.R RUN
I VER AW U AY AW
UN NAW AY

He gets no further than the docks, and by nightfall is back with his parents; but the day has been a deeply rewarding sequence of picaresque encounters, unfolding with perfect truth, humour and naturalness. He meets his repulsive schoolteacher Miss Westerberg, who hates him for his Southern accent; a treacle importer and a fat Customs official, who assures him that the Spanish Customs are the toughest in the world and don't let so much as a toe-nail through; a merry boy called The Crow; some brutal boys called the Hawks, who want to rob and bash him; and the reassuring home team of No. 43 yard, with whom he is finally reunited. Holger is a marvellously convincing child: resourceful, imaginative, full of fantasies about fakirs and tin soldiers, and at the same time rather prim, refusing to speak certain 'unclean' words (dung, bitch, giggle, pinch, cop) and with firm views on Salvation. Discussing Spanish robbers, who rob both rich and poor, The Crow asks him which he is sorriest for.

'The rich. No, the poor. As a matter of fact,' said Holger, 'for the robbers. I am most sorry for them.'

'The robbers? Why?'

'Because they'll never get to Heaven.'

This story is about as near as you can get to the lost knowledge of being 11 or so, and I passionately recommend it.

Another good contemporary piece, for a slightly younger age-group (say 7-10), is *The Day the Ceiling Fell Down*. The ceiling brings with it a bundle of faded newspaper clippings which lead Louisa, Japhet and Rose into a quest for an old sea-captain who had lived in the house before them and was thought to have been swindled and ill-used by persons unknown. The three children, with an obsessional quixotry that recalls E. Nesbit, go bumbling off on the Captain's trail via the local museum and Somerset House to a happy anticlimax at Bognor Regis. There is a sub-plot about a mangy pony who bolts into the blue, and a delightful gipsy urchin who alone succeeds in mounting her. But the best incident of all, with no real bearing on anything, is when Japhet accidentally shoots up a borrowed TV set with a rifle he thought was unloaded, and goes in fear and trembling to the radio shop to confess his crime. The proprietor, a ripe old bit of Peter Sellers, reacts unexpectedly.

'Listen: now I'll tell *you* something. I once chucked a teapot right through the first seventeen-inch screen I ever had, because of the way Dirk Dangerwood was threatening some poor Indians. I couldn't stand it, I just couldn't stand it – so smash! Right through!'

'Was there tea in it?' asked Japhet.

'Just the dregs; I'd had my three cups. But honestly, the way those Indians used to get treated, it'd make you cry. They're better nowadays, a bit.'

Like E. Nesbit's children, these three have the knack of bringing the best out of adults; but the lame ducks they want to help are seldom grateful, particularly a tramp to whom they try to give a hot bath. There is no mush in this affectionate story. It is funny and generous, and full of childish common sense.

'Does a dog know it's a dog?'

'What else would it think it was?' said Japhet.

Another of Paul Berna's epics of French child-gangs, *The Knights of King Midas* has all its author's usual liveliness, but rests on a preposterous premise. Outside the Riviera town of Port-Biou, a settlement of elderly squatters get their shacks burnt down in a forest fire; unless they can raise a million francs to erect improved dwellings within a month, they will be evicted. Some of the local children set about gathering the money by various methods, at prodigious personal cost and sacrifice, and finally achieve it. Such a degree of sustained good-Samaritanism by young children is quite beyond belief, and their series of happy accidents is too good to be true. Granted this, it is an exhilarating story.

Also recommended: **The Lost Islands**, by Maria Aebersold (*Methuen*, 12*s*. 6*d*.), a German story of Indonesia, charged with nice or noxious animals; and **Island of the Blue Dolphins**, by Scott O'Dell (*Constable*, 12*s*. 6*d*.), based on historical fact, the marooning in the 1830's of an Indian girl Crusoe on an island far out off the Californian coast, where she lived alone and unaided for 18 years before being rescued – touchingly written, though inevitably a little mournful at times. Not so recommended: **Mokokambo**, by René Guillot (*Collins*, 10*s*. 6*d*.), an ineffably phoney bit of sub-Mowgli extravagance about a French wonder-boy and a lost African tribe, full of mushy thinking about the man-beast relationship, but attractively illustrated.

ROGER GELLERT

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COLLINS

Relations are Funny

Meet My Folks. By TED HUGHES. Illustrated by GEORGE ADAMSON. *Faber*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

'I like the themes,' said my eldest daughter, 'but I am not quite sure about the rhyming and rhythming.' About rhyming and rhythming I trust her judgment – for her own first poem, composed at the age of eight, was both a formal invention and metrically impeccable:

Katie and Kitty were two little girls:
One had straight hair, and one had curls.
Their sweet little teeth were as neat as pearls:
Katie and Kitty were two little girls.

My two younger children, less critically articulate, were content with the words 'nice' and 'funny'. What the eldest objected to was, I suppose, comic rhymes both elaborate and imperfect, like 'suspicious' and 'meshes', or 'uneasiness' and 'fleeciness', or off-stress rhymes like

When the Maharajah of old Srinigar
Wishes to make himself popular,

or

Then when the visitors have gone
She whips out her wings and with her wig on,

though, of course, reading it aloud you would say 'populár' and 'wig ón.' I think she may have missed the point about the rhythming, which doesn't aim at the smoothness she likes, but has a kind of jaunty Lancashire cake-walk effect, coming down with a bang of the feet at the end of the line:

Oh it never would do to let folks know
My sister's nothing but a great big crow.

My trick for getting on with children is to treat them as if they were grown-ups. I have an instinctive suspicion of the serious poet unbending for them; I have heard too many whimsical old dears at Adult Education Classes telling me that perhaps Old Possum's real claim to fame is his Practical Cats (which, however, in his own melancholy, creaking reading of them, my children adore). In his serious poetry Mr Hughes has a great, sullen, slogging brutal talent (he is the Carnera of the younger poets, where Mr Thom Gunn, say, is the Georges Carpentier) and so my first impulse was to view this divagation into the twee with alarm. But the book really is sweet and funny. It comes not, I think, from any literary tradition but from music-hall recitations like Stanley Holloway on Albert and the Lion and, generally, from the good old popular comic tradition (think of *Three Men in a Boat*) that relations are funny. Mr Hughes's relations are either animals, like his sister, or collectors of them, like his brother Bert, or they cook them, like his mother who turns out:

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With Whale and Walrus in collops and wedges
And festoons of Octopus over the edges.

But his Uncle Dan in an inventor of things like roll-uppable rubber ladders and his father is an Inspector of Holes. A jolly, goonish book, with nice Heath-Robinson-cum-Searle illustrations.

G. S. FRASER

Lots of Little Bits

Black's Children's Encyclopaedia. Edited by W. WORTHY and R. J. UNSTEAD. *Black.* 2 vols. 35*s.* each.

This new encyclopaedia could be read with ease by a child who had a *reading* age of eight or nine. It might last them until they had an *interest* age of 12 or 13. Page one begins with two or three paragraphs each on *Abacus, Abbey* and *Abraham;* page 768 ends with *Zulu, Zurich* and *Zuyder Zee.* There are plenty of small drawings (some illuminating, but many merely decorative), of which about a third are in colour. The whole is cross-referenced and indexed in an extremely simple and intelligent manner.

If you are convinced of the value of children's encyclopaedias then this is a better buy than most on the market. I feel some doubts; but certainly encyclopaedias do have a place. There is a natural moment of growth when the child's mind darts eagerly in many directions, and an experimental curiosity carries him excitedly through disparate and remote areas of knowledge, as never again. This encyclopaedia invites him to push out these many feelers, to discover how margarine is made, what Plato taught and how many palms made a cubit. But of course most of these feelers are later withdrawn, and few really permanent centres established.

And this is why I feel uncomfortable. As my eye is drawn narcotically down the page from *Buddha:* 'he is said to have understood the meaning of life while he was sitting thinking under a Bo-tree', to *Budgerigars:* 'brightly coloured little birds belonging to the parrot family', I realise how bemused I become by this fragmentary reading, these huge leaps from subject to subject, from the obscure to the obvious. I know that you should *use* an encyclopaedia, and this one would certainly help a primary school child working on a 'project'. But for all that, I think that these essentially marginal books have become too important. And despite the excellent cross-referencing, the literate eye does *in fact* slide down the page, reading much but holding no knowledge in security and depth. It can become all too like those tired Friday evenings when I read all the advertisements and all the pages in the NEW STATESMAN – even those that I would recoil from if I were fully alert.

Children's encyclopaedias (I need to remind myself) are no substitute for children's *books,* and though, for example, I can see the use of a biographical paragraph on Blake, I am quite sure that I'd rather see a Blake poem edged with dates of birth and death. I'd prefer to offer a child separate and meaty books on literature, geography, science, history – and not these dizzying snippets at all. For so much of our civilisation is characterised by a hard-earned literacy exploited in a momentary, distracting, 'bitty way, that though I recognise the moment of growth and the utility there of excellent tools, I am a little worried lest even this shape the wrong directions.

BRIAN JACKSON

Unknown Engineers

The Adventure of Engineering. By DAVID JACKSON. *Rathbone Books.* 21*s.*

The Story of Prehistoric Animals. By WILLIAM ELGIN SWINTON. *Rathbone Books.* 21*s.*

There are two ways of producing a good children's book. One is to have a genius to write and illustrate it. The other, and more reliable, is to assemble a team of really competent illustrators and a writer who knows his stuff, and go for a big, glossy, beautiful picture book, with a tolerable text. This is what the under-12s pick out of the pile, what they like to look at, and what they may well learn from. Of course it costs more, but it's worth it. These two Rathbone books, at a guinea a time, got much more than twice the interest from my sampling panel than did the half-guinea books.

This firmly said, it's still possible to complain. There is a tendency in this sort of book to go for a lay-out that looks well on the page rather than one that's easy to follow. In the long run it tells against a publisher if parents are often interrupted with requests to find the captions for the pictures, and even more so if, like me, they then have some difficulty in doing so. Again, children like to know things. A general remark, which might be satisfactory in an adult film commentary on a fleeting image, is maddeningly inadequate beside a photograph which can be studied at leisure. For example, in *The Adventure of Engineering,* a dramatic full-page photograph of some construction work is labelled: 'Always new and daring, man's structures reflect his spirit of adventure'. This cuts no ice with my panel, who want to know what the photograph is of.

The Adventure of Engineering deals with civil engineering: with buildings, bridges, roads, tunnels, dams, canals and harbours. The text is clear and, so far as I can tell, accurate, though with a slight tendency to fine writing, and the illustrations are splendid. Most of the examples are up to date, but a proper tribute is paid to the achievements of the 19th century. The account is remarkably impersonal, the only names mentioned in the text being Brunel and Stephenson. Even at this level it seems unfair to omit Telford. Van der Rohe and Nervi are spoken of in captions, but this again seems unduly selective. The impersonal effect is, I think, intended. The book is dedicated to an unknown engineer. It's perhaps a good thing to get away from the Samuel Smiles view of engineering history, but this book has gone rather too far.

The same criticisms can't be made of *The Story of Prehistoric Animals.* Not only is there a clear account of prehistoric animals and the sources of our knowledge of them, but there is a gallery of the pioneer palaeontologists. The reader's participation is invited, too, in a simple account of how to look for and examine fossils. The writing in general is more down to earth than in *The Adventure of Engineering,* and more suited to children. The book has some particularly attractive paintings by Maurice Wilson, with less to complain about in the lay-out.

Among the cheaper books, high marks go to a series **Open Your Eyes to Nature,** published by *Chatto* at half-a-guinea. In particular *Nature Around You,* written by J. R. Stevens and illustrated by Clarke Hutton, gives an excellent elementary description of general science.

T. L. COTTRELL

Uses of Legend

Tales of the British People. By BARBARA LEONIE PICARD. *Edmund Ward.* 16*s.*

The Luck of Troy. By ROGER LANCELYN GREEN. *Bodley Head.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Devil's Dowry. By MORLEY TROMAN. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Do children like legends? Perhaps not; but there is a feeling that they ought. The old stories are simple and exciting; they provide the foundations of literature; they mean a lot. But their magical incidents are savage and remote; and their deeper meanings concern passions of which children can know little. So tales told to the children must be more or less transmuted. Some authors think the simplified legend can stand by itself; some put it into up-to-date juvenile idiom; some give rein to their own invention. Barbara Picard says simply that she has 'retold a very few out of the many exciting or beautiful stories brought to the British Isles by the different peoples who settled here', and adds notes on historical background and symbolic meaning. Roger Lancelyn Green says 'the legends followed in *The Luck of Troy* are taken from many and varied Classical sources, beginning with Homer and coming down to later poets and mythographers such as Quintus of Smyrna, Tryphiodorus, Apollodorus and even Dictys of Crete.' Morley Troman apologises 'to the good people of the canton of Plouaret in Britanny for the unpardonable liberties I have taken with their hero Bilz and his legend . . . and to all historians, folklore experts and competition maniacs for the innumerable anachronisms and chronological errors.' The style of the three books varies accordingly.

Miss Pickard tends to tushery:

> Heartfelt and loud was the rejoicing of the Danes, and long was their feasting that night; until at length they went to rest, and Beowulf, wearied from his fight with Grendel's mother, could sleep at last.

But she keeps control of the rhythms and inversions; and the stories of Celtic magicians, Norse berserkers, Saxon rebels, Norman crusaders, Sir Gawain and others are short and resonant. It is straining the point to say they 'have grown up with the British people and are part of their national heritage'; the nobility and violence of the heroic ideals will seem very foreign to a child today; but if his imagination can reach beyond Eric Fraser's flashy illustrations, he will find this book rich and haunting.

The Luck of Troy opens with the royal children talking about the rape of Helen:

> 'I don't think it's a bit exciting,' said Hermione, 'and it's horrid of you to talk like that, Electra. Just think if it was your mother, Queen Clytemnestra, who had been stolen away, and your little brother who had been taken too.' 'I wouldn't mind a bit,' declared Electra defiantly. 'Mother's often unkind to me. She spoils Orestes like anything, and he's such a little cry baby!' 'Electra, really!' exclaimed Iphigeneia, looking quite shocked.

But most of the book is less like Arthur Marshall; the last year of the siege of Troy is seen through the eyes of Helen's son Nicostratus; he joins in the schemes of Odysseus, watches the intrigues of the Trojan camp, and the abortive love of Pollyxena and Achilles; his heart is constantly with the Greeks, fighting on the plains. The device of the boyish observer is for the most part successful in bringing to life the far-off battles. This is the most accomplished of the three books; its best bits convincingly echo Homer.

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The Luck of Troy by Roger Lancelyn Green, illustrated by Margery Gill. An exciting reconstruction of the siege of Troy seen through the eyes of Helen's twelve-year-old son. 12s 6d

Grettir the Strong by Allen French, illustrated by Bernard Blatch. The exciting story of the outlaw Grettir, a hero of Iceland legend. (May 23rd) 13s 6d

Climbers' Glory by Garry Hogg. A climbing holiday in North Wales brings excitement and achievement to Dan Caslon. 10s 6d

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Mr Troman, on the other hand, relies on his own talent, and writes for his own pleasure. Gily, an uncanonised saint of the Breton hinterland, is patron to Bilz, endorses his choice of thieving as a career, and helps him in his struggles against man and the devil. Bilz delights in the lurid and jovial company of the prince of darkness, and outwits him in roguery and in rivalry for the hand of a noble maiden. Mr Troman's self-consciousness is reminiscent of T. H. White; his word-play, his quick and complex story-telling, his rumbustiousness and contempt for orthodox values are his own.

The next two are more pious, tolerance is their favoured virtue. The theme of **The Story of Christianity in Britain** by Elfrida Vipont (*Michael Joseph*, 12*s*. 6*d*.) is the 'dream cathedral', in which every sect joins in collective worship from its own little side-chapel, each a part of 'our national Christian heritage' – even Roman Catholics are condescendingly included. Church history, adorned by the usual tales, is made so pretty that the very existence of sects and intolerance – indeed of fundamental belief – becomes inexplicable. Too much restraint in passing judgment makes nonsense of history. In fact, there are parts of **The Story of Africa South of the Sahara** (*Bodley Head* 16*s*.) where Katharine Savage's equanimity makes understanding difficult: she can see good in imperialism, in missionaries, in tribal loyalties, and in emergent nationalism; besides, there is too much to tell, and she inclines to cliché. But she is admirably decisive against apartheid.

'It was as all battles – noise, confusion, blood and death.' This is the Armada, as reported by a Spanish captain wrecked off Ireland, in **The Town Across the Water** by Madeleine Polland (*Constable*. 12*s*. 6*d*.). Finally, **The Perilous Road** by William Steele (*Macmillan*. 12*s*. 6*d*.) is folksy but exciting – a young hero roams the Tennessee woods. And for the younger children: **The Great Fire** by Jacynth Hope-Simpson (*Hamish Hamilton*. 8*s*. 6*d*.). Two children race through the burning streets; tolerance has gone far indeed when the Duke of York can appear as the rescuing hero.

C. S. BENNETT

Famous Lives

Alexander von Humboldt. By M. Z. THOMAS. *Constable*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Gregor Mendel. By HARRY SOOTIN. *Blackie*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Fleming: A Story Biography. By ANDRÉ MAUROIS, adapted for children by LEONARD SMITH. *Methuen*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

In the year 1802, the naturalist Alexander von Humboldt, undisturbed by jigger-holes in his feet and the defection of his guides with the stores, climbed to the highest point yet reached by man – 18,600 feet up on the untouched volcano Chimborazo. Being anxious to understand the nature of electric eels, he not only tested them with apparatus but allowed them repeatedly to sting him. Rather than lose face before an Indian poison-master, he tasted curare, of which he knew practically nothing. Intrepid, methodical and passionately curious, he traversed South and Central America, making numerous discoveries of the utmost importance. He was also humane, never killing things if he could help it, and was deeply disgusted by the feats of the unspeakable conquistadors. Altogether he is just about the perfect subject for a children's biography. One feature in particular brings this book, together with the lives of Mendel and Fleming, swimming right to the top of a large lot of Famous Lives. Any child can share and understand the motive behind the heroism. Scientific curiosity does not date and tarnish like the political enthusiasms of the past, embarrassing an honest biographer and calling for subtle explanations. (I have under my desk a life of the Young Elizabeth I which does not mention the Reformation.) Nor is it, like artistic gifts, a private affair. All children have enough of it to see the point of such a life, particularly when, like von Humboldt's, it is adventurous. The adventures make this book the most likely of the three to appeal widely. I have tried it with great success on a nine-year-old, and I should be surprised at anyone who didn't like it between eight and 14. The only trouble is a slight roughness and facetiousness in the language, possibly due to translation from the German, but this sort of thing is so disgracefully common in children's books that I don't expect anyone will notice it.

Both Mendel and Fleming lead quieter lives, and you must have some interest in the process of scientific discovery before you will bother with their biographies; this probably means that you had better be over ten. Fleming's in particular, which is condensed from M. Maurois's biography for adults, will only interest someone who already wants to know what it is like to be a scientist. But is that so rare? After throwing on the floor a spoil-heap of pure success stories, thinly dabbed with period flavour and local colour, I was much relieved to find authors who seemed to share their subjects' interests. Mozart, Menuhin and Lord Montgomery, Buffalo Bill, Fanny Burney and Pope John XXIII – they all succeeded, it seems, and that is why we should strive to emulate them. But Mendel is different; he failed. Nobody took any notice of Mendel. Mr Sootin describes with quiet objectivity his incredibly hard struggle up from a peasant childhood to a tolerable education and the security of the monastery, and then his arduous, methodical and entirely unrewarded experiments in plant genetics. The intellectual adventure of applying numerical methods where they had not been tried before is astonishingly well conveyed; one can see clearly both what he did and why it was the right thing to do, and the whole gives a most useful object-lesson on the moral that, when one has a problem, it may well be worth thinking about it. Few people believe this. And of course the failure, far from spoiling the drama of the story, deepens it greatly.

There is no comparable irony about the story of penicillin, unless you stress – which M. Maurois politely does not – the impossibility of getting proper funds for its development from British sources until well after that development was completed. Penicillin is a success story, but what M. Maurois quite rightly concentrates on is the peculiar habit of mind that made it possible – the reasoning that had directed Fleming's attention for many years to the search for just such an antibiotic, and the patient, observant attitude that prepared him to see what it was that had happened to one mouldy dish among so many. Having rubbed that in and gone over all the early difficulties of production, he has a perfect right to plug the miraculous cures. He quotes pretty freely from people who knew Fleming, and gives a convincing picture of that modest and remarkable man.

MARY SCRUTTON

Dolls' Distress

Miss Happiness and Miss Flower. By RUMER GODDEN. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Little Witch. By OTFRIED PREUSSLER. *Abelard-Schuman.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Most of the stories for younger children are creditable stuff. Yet if – like me – you must take them in bulk you may find that their brightness palls, for they tend to be rather the same: I suspect that all the various authors are planning their work for a single Average Child. Does anyone know this hypothetical creature? Tell him, if you do, that dozens and dozens of stories, all moving to a lively pattern and all gaily echoing a mood, are vying with each other on the bookshelves in the hope of attracting his eye.

Children are very lucky to have this wealth of good things set before them; and a child can choose between the books – he need not read them all. Yet there is cause for special joy in finding two books which have not been tailored to the standard needs of the reader, in which the authors are content to be themselves. Miss Godden fills her work with a rare and natural kindness, which must surely be her own; and only a free and happy fancy could have thought of Herr Preussler's witch.

Miss Happiness and Miss Flower are two old Japanese dolls. They are a little chipped now, a little torn and tattered, and they are sent as a present to an English family where Nona has come as a stranger and is shy and sick at heart, tormented by her youngest cousin and longing for her Indian home. It is Nona who feels for the dolls' distress. It is her idea to make them a doll's house, such as they might have known in Japan. She persuades the others to help her, and in the process her unhappiness is eased. In outline the story is simple, but in fact it is never dull. The building of the doll's house, a true scale model of a traditional Japanese home, becomes an absorbing task, the sort of practical challenge which would quickly appeal to a child. There are footnotes and technical details for children who would like to make this doll's house for themselves. Such footnotes seem strange in a book for younger children (from eight to ten, at a guess); yet it is a mark of respect for the readers that the author treats them like this. The children in the story, too, are handled with respect: they are serious and natural, good on the whole but sometimes bad, and always genuine people who happen to be young. The story is in no way didactic, yet its ups and downs have a distant moral ring.

Miss Godden's book would appeal most strongly to the serious, gentle, practical child. The highly imaginative child who springs quickly into fantasy and magic might prefer *The Little Witch*. *The Little Witch* has been translated from the original German by Anthea Bell, who has done her work so well that the book reads easily and lightly. It has an odd, warm, smiling touch. Poor little witch: she is so industrious and eager, so anxious to help other people by means of her magic powers as soon as she is prompted to be good. But what is good? And what is bad? When you start referring to witches the terms are upside down. the twists and quirks of the story have a strange inverted sequence of their own, and it makes a lively interest for children to argue the logic of a radical change of ideas. There are one or two big, bad witches, and broomsticks and ravens and spells, but from the start it is a friendly book and the trip into the realms of magic ends in such a way

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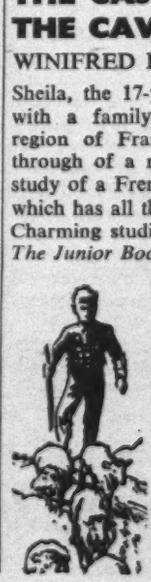

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

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From the French comes a serial story in six small books by Madeleine Grize and Ariane Chatel. (**Valériane and Little Engine,** and five other titles, *Heinemann*, 2*s.* 6*d.* each). These adventures of a doll, two alligators, and Tiger Cat, move at a pace to match the quick imagination of a four-year-old. Valériane falls from the clouds. She meets the others. Boats, trains, helicopters, seem always to be ready to speed them on their way. They are off to a carnival at Rio. They go on a journey to the moon. The story is dramatic and exciting, and the pictures add to its charm. Also from France comes another series of picture-books, with captions in English and in French—excellent for a child who starts the language at an early age. (**The Four Seasons** and **A Little Rabbit,** *Hutchinson*, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.)

JENNIFER BOURDILLON

Loving

The Concept of Love in Child Care. By T. S. SIMEY. *Oxford.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

What is Love like? In his 1960 National Children's Home Convocation Lecture Professor Simey enters into a discussion that is important always and everywhere. Much of the lecture can be said to be parochial, since the National Children's Home belongs to a religious denomination, and so Professor Simey is concerned with the relative contributions of Christianity and Science to our present-day understanding of the meaning of love. Is it necessary for us to decide this issue? As Professor Simey indicates, the Christian has learned much and has much to learn from the reasoning of scientists, and the scientists may as well acknowledge their debt to religion (or to religions, and to philosophy) and to all that has led up to the acceptance of a scientific attitude and of a Welfare State in which children are educated and cared for apart from directly religious drives.

Tribute is paid to Freud and to the fact that he did 'much to show the importance of love', but when Professor Simey develops his argument, in which the theory of ambivalence is criticised, I find that I wish he knew what being an analyst is like as well as I and some of my colleagues know what it is like to be a Christian. Psychoanalysts are united by the fact that each one has learned how to do psychoanalysis; when we get together to discuss theory we quickly get to the places where we disagree with each other, where we know we do not know. One topic that is invariably fresh is that of love, the nature of love and its pathology, and the growth of someone's capacity to love. The beginning of an understanding of love came with the word itself, as it appeared in the languages of the world. So the word gives an historical link, some thousands of years old, between ourselves and the conditions of millions of years ago, before man evolved from beast.

Phylogenesis is interesting, but psychoanalysis concerns itself with the ontogenesis of the capacity to love in the human animal, the meaning of love as it may evolve in each individual, and with the love that a parent must have for each infant if that infant's capacity to love shall become a reality. This is a very tall order for the researcher. No one need fear that the end of research is in sight.

Professor Simey begins to discuss the mixture of love and hate that characterises human beings and he recognises that love in child care must include an attempt to understand the destructive urges and ideas that are found in children and are exaggerated in the case of deprived children. But in discussing the origins of the aggressive side of infant and child life Professor Simey seems to be unwilling to use the very serious body of work that has been done on this subject, chiefly by psychoanalysts. It is not enough, of course, to say simply that aggression results from frustration; any enquiry must include a careful investigation of the handling of individual cases.

At the start of an infant's life a high degree of adaptation is usually available, provided by the mother, and building on this the infant begins to exist and to accept frustration and the anger it produces. The 'Reality Principle' is like an early version, in William Temple's words quoted here, of 'the fearful tension between the doctrine of the Love of God and the actual facts of experience'. Isn't the 'Love of God' contained in the infant's as yet unrealised potential for loving and being loved? To realise this potential the infant must first be met with love, and this means that there must be a mother who has temporarily given an aspect of herself to this particular infant. This aspect of herself knew no other infant, nor ever will. But this phase will end, just as it must first be real and operative. Next comes separation, following the infant's growing need to be separate. To be born with a capacity to love is of no use to the human infant unless in the early stages a mother provides in this subtle way an aspect of herself that is part of the infant, and then gradually retreats to being again herself. Loving at a distance is of no use, because the essential feature is the actual experience between two bodies.

Out of the perception of this comes the infant's capacity to love, and also his anger, since the mother also maintained a separate existence, and only an aspect of her was created out of the infant's needs. So for each infant there is a progression from pure creation, made real by that aspect of the mother that belongs specifically to the infant, to that other extreme of love which is reparation, a reaction to a sense of guilt caused by destructive or aggressive impulses.

In the care of deprived children, on the other hand, the persons involved are not dealing with these subtleties of normal infancy, but with the results of their absence or inadequacy. Such work concerns children whose emotional development is to some extent distorted. The mother does not have to learn out of a book how to be a mother, but those in charge of children who are ill or have lost the security of their homes do need to understand the psychopathology of their illness, and this depends on a study not of religion but of psychology. It is somewhat confusing to find brought together in one short book two subjects that have so little to do with each other as the meaning of love in the infant-mother, child-family setting, and the meaning of love in the setting of case work.

To a child who has come through to loving and being loved and who therefore believes in love we may offer the word 'love' and later the word 'God'. I am not certain that Professor Simey would agree with this. Perhaps he would feel that love and God are concepts that can, or even must, be implanted. The words 'ought' and 'must' crop up here in places where it would seem to me that the injunction stultifies spontaneous impulse: 'the Christian must love people as they are',

'Christian love and care . . . must be extended'. 'Ought' and 'must' are desperate remedies. Fortunately parents have more direct feelings of love to call upon, and especially the parents of the newly-born.

This book offers a host of challenging ideas, and looks with horror at Christian endeavour in the field when it is ignorant or uninformed. It ends with a condemnation of 'the sentimental love incorporated in much popular psychology and theology of today'. Certainly sentimental love has no place in child care.

D. W. WINNICOTT

Lower Fourth and Upper Atmosphere

The Fourth Was Fun for Philippa. By NANCY BREARY. *Blackie.* 10s. 6d.

Bob-a-Job Pony. By OLIVE NORTON. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.

Moon Base One. By HUGH WALTERS. *Faber.* 13s. 6d.

Mixtures as before. Here are three excellent examples from the worlds of school, saddle and space. *The Fourth Was Fun for Philippa* begins delightfully with the whole of the check-ginghamed Lower Fourth plunging, screaming, into a pond from a collapsed pseudo-Japanese ornamental bridge ('a very costly work of art'). A massive, uniformed Matron is soon on the scene and subsequently 'submerges' Louella under an electric hair-drier ('a cheerful, wholesome expression is more attractive than a lot of curled-up hair'). The Headmistress, Miss Bonnerille, is given to 'sly digs in a foreign language' and is very go-ahead: besides the hair-drier there are weekly Canasta matches, French crosswords, hardly any games, and punishments consist of duster-hemming for the Cathedral Fabric Fund. The head girl, Elsa Brett (Second Prefect: Domini Halstead), is stingy with extra blotting-paper and inclined to 'too much nervous self-pity', a condition aggravated by a new girl, Philippa Dene, who arrives in a mauve travelling-suit and smartly accuses Elsa of having bitten her elder sister, Nerissa, on the knee ('the remark spelled cheek'). The Denes are a famous family (Colin is 'one of the Varsity oars') and at this very moment Nerissa is sailing solo across the Atlantic, a feat of 'dauntless seamanship' ('When things got a bit steep, I went below').

The book is crammed with refreshing incidents – there is an explosion at the pumping-station, Philippa falls into a hollow tree-trunk ('she is being returned to school on the fire-engine'), homesick Charlotte blubs and Melanie calms her with chocs, Louella is arrested by the police, there are smothered giggles from cubicles (cubicle furniture specially designed by Miss Bonnerille), and Philippa's violet earrings are 'practically snatched from her ears by Matron'. Then Nerissa is dramatically swept off course and is overdue at Antigua, but turns up in time to open the new library and be gracious all round ('Miss Bonnerille wants me to mingle').

Bob-a-Job Pony deals with the efforts of Tabitha Graham to raise enough cash to purchase Peggy, a pony bought by the MFH for his daughter, June Blennerhasset (aged 18 and already a martyr to the fragrant weed). To know Peggy is to love her – big, dark eyes, sensitive withers, gold satin coat, long, pale eyelashes, which she flutters quite a bit, and though at 14.1 she is 'not acceptable in

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the Register', she shows her good taste by throwing June Blennerhasset, emerald green shirt, lipstick, fags and all.

In between mucking out Thunderbolt's loose-box in tartan slacks and wisping Peggy over, there are other diversions: milking ('Squeeze as you go down, and then sort of slide to the top again. Don't let go') and a new cow to be named ('Should it be Thelma, after Mother?'). Tabby, with her chum, Ian, formerly 'leading contralto' in the choir, takes part in a BBC TV Quiz ('Sit you down there'), vanquishing a disagreeable boy in a Colin Wilson sweater who's never even heard of Asshurbanipal. Tabitha scores heavily on curry combs and Ian appears to know about Vitamin D and how to make *Maître d'Hôtel* butter ('Mother thinks it's a good idea for chaps to be able to cook'). Hm! Then Tabby's sister, Anna-Jane, falls into the swollen river, bobbing about like a Hallowe'en apple ('Mother got cracking with artificial respiration'), but recovers sufficiently to knock out a burglar with a shillelagh. Can it be the dreaded 'Gipsy' Warwick (£1,000 reward)? No, alas: just a nonentity of no fixed address. Tch! Never mind, everything turns out well, Peggy astounding all by suddenly producing a golden foal with damp legs.

The expedition to *Moon Base One* is an international affair consisting of Chris Godfrey, crew-cut Morrison Kant and Serge Smyslov ("Morrey, this is Serge, Serge I want you to meet Morrey'). Morrey and Chris are, naturally, gayer than Serge, and Chris is put in command ('Er – thank you, sir'). Young and ailing Tony Hale joins the party. His mysterious illness may lead to anti-social acts ('If the boy proves at all troublesome, he must be anaesthetized') but he soon gets the hang of things:

'Why does the rocket have to break up into parts?' he asked.

'Because it's best to get rid of useless weight as soon as possible,' his friend explained, delighted at the intelligent interest the boy was showing.

Training begins on the Black Sea coast in a capsule undergoing force five 'g' as it zooms up and down a (disused) mine-shaft six miles deep ('If anything goes wrong you can ring the alarm'). Shortly after blast-off ('Everybody comfortable?'), Tony has to be reprimanded for pinching chocolate. The Moon landing ('THUD!!!') goes according to plan and the travellers erect a homey plastic dome in a convenient craterlet. Then Tony, crammed with nut-milk, goes generally to the bad but reforms in time to solder a broken wire ('Gone was the gloomy, sullen boy') and make the return journey possible. None of the others can solder, not even Serge. I do see that in a complicated training programme Something Has To Go.

ARTHUR MARSHALL

M. Sasek

This is Edinburgh and **This is Munich.** By M. SASEK. *W. H. Allen.* 15*s.* each.

M. Sasek has been going about the world drawing the great cities, drawing in each case, quite candidly, the things that the tourist might see or be shown. The latest of his reports are due on May 15, and no review of children's reading should miss them. Edinburgh is a good subject, for it is a peculiarly civic city ('civic' is their favourite word), milling with monuments; its history is much commemorated and has a way of swallowing up the present situation; it certainly does so in the many books about the place, all of which somehow or other have a stoutly antiquarian air. Sasek's drawings run to caricature, but their observation of Edinburgh is accurate and acute, though it's an Edinburgh shorn unaccountably of its New Town. The wind and weather, the stone (both sorts of Edinburgh rock are included) of turret and tenement, are commemorated in a sheaf of wry and amiable pictures which have all the right greys and angularities. The sketch of Jenners Store, flanked by one of Princes Street's abundant commissionaires, is a piece of architectural satire not unworthy of the *doyens*, Steinberg and Lancaster. He is not afraid to follow out his jokes and fantasies: the tartan tripes of the bagpipes are hung about his pages to great effect, as are the *würste* of Munich. By comparison, the text is plodding, unsure whether to be informative or gay. There is some doubt, too, about who will read these books – not the earnest ten-year-old who wants to know. The younger child might be puzzled by the guide-book aspect and by the touches of sophistication: the father and son in lederhosen, for example, who stand unflinching in a hothouse of tropical plants, or the buxom girl in Bavarian costume who turns up in the Munich artists' quarter with the caption, 'this is an art student.' But I don't suppose it matters. The ascendancy of books like *Babar* can partly be explained in terms of the principle that children will like the stories which really interest the grown-ups who have to read them out. As far as that goes, *This is Edinburgh* and *This is Munich*, which are light, of course, and not in *Babar's* league, should do very well.

KARL MILLER

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Excursion to Bloomsbury

BENEDICT NICOLSON

I would like to know why nobody goes to the Courtauld Institute Galleries. On my two visits to refresh my memory of the pictures I had decided to write about here, I saw seven sad faces. The explanation cannot be that the Galleries lie too far off the beaten track (on the west side of Woburn Square, a few minutes' walk from a 14 bus stop in the Tottenham Court Road). The Tate, in fact, is notoriously inaccessible. I can only suppose that it is just not realised that some of the most splendid Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures in the world are to be found in Bloomsbury.

PISSARRO: *La Station de Penge, Upper Norwood.*

I went out to Penge to see if I could recognise Pissarro's station. I think I found the spot where he set up his easel, but no one could have reached it except an official of British Railways. A notice barred my path: 'trespassers', it said, 'will be prosecuted'. Even had I risked prosecution, I could not have learnt much. For the whole character of the place has changed. Nowadays no one but a diehard Betjemanite could extract charm from this featureless suburbia. What, I asked myself, could Pissarro possibly have seen in it? A train pulling out of a station, an embankment and sleepers, I thought, are typical features of the suburban landscape, anathema to a man who loved nature as peasants had left it. After all, I remembered, the subject matter of pictures is vitally important to an artist: he selects, not just any view, but what appeals to him most. Then I realised that when Pissarro took up residence as a refugee in Lower Norwood in 1871, the district was still rural and picturesque, the kind he delighted in most; that the associations, for us, of the word 'Penge' are irrelevant. And I realised that the railway track was a congenial subject for him, simply because it had settled comfortably into, and had become part of, a rural scene.

CÉZANNE: *Les Joueurs de Cartes.*

Each age has its own interpretation of Cézanne (Michelangelo, Rembrandt and the rest) which corresponds to part of the truth. It ought to be our eclectic generation's privilege to perceive that all these facets of him build up to the whole truth about him. One age will see this picture as a subtle composition. There are reasons why the chair-back on the right is curved, the one on the left straight; why the card-player on the right wears a curved, the one on the left a straight, hat; why the man on the right points up to the left with his forearm and finger, not the one on the left; why the edge of the table-cloth below the right player's elbow slopes up to the left but not the edge in the corresponding corner; why the shape formed by the gap between four knees is to the right, not to left, of the bottle, and so on. The whole picture tilts to the left and at some point – the back of the left card-player, the back of his chair and his hat – this pressure has to be met to prevent everything from toppling over. It is thus impossible to imagine these two wearing each other's hats or playing each other's cards. That is one legitimate way of looking at it. Another age will be struck by the fact that Cézanne observes these workers, enjoying an innocent game after a hard day in the fields, *de bas en haut*. He invests them with that dignity which earlier painters reserved for monarchs or gods. Our age ought to be able to add that a move in the direction of abstract design, and a veneration for raw life, far from cancelling one another out, actually enhance one another; that we would never be awestruck in the presence of these card-players, were it not for the wilful distortions Cézanne imposes on them.

VUILLARD: *Interieur: Le Paravent.*

She seems to be dumping her clothes on a sofa, ready to take up some pose for an artist, but the picture for which she is destined to pose never gets painted. The 'Nude' smacks too much of the academy. In Impressionist and Nabis circles, committed to a naturalistic setting, the unselfconscious preparation for posing replaces the studied pose. Some such naturalistic device has to be thought up in order to keep the naked female body going after the demise of mythology. Sex remains too much a part of art for the nude just to be done away with, but its perpetuation presents quite a problem. Out-of-doors, mercifully, girls still go on bathing. Indoors, there is nothing for it but the bathtub, and a glimpse of the studio of a painter of outworn mythologies. So Venus is now made to rise from a tub, or her limbs are drenched in the light from a high studio window, and all those props, such as screens and chairs for discarded clothes, designed to be disguised or kept altogether out of sight, are now flaunted. Nearly half of Vuillard's small rectangle is grey board of the dreariest kind. By little flicks of green, pink, light blue, black, he tells us enough about what is going on to enable us to fill in the rest for ourselves. Unfortunately we have grown so used to the conventions of this shorthand that we supply the gaps too easily. But when the picture was painted (about 1912) the help the spectator was expected to provide involved a more strenuous and hence more pleasurable exertion. On the other hand, the juxtaposition of dreary board and gay colours has lost none of its surprise.

Reluctant Monk

FRANCIS NEWTON

In France the hall would have been wrecked. As this was London, those who plainly regarded Mr Thelonious Monk as a clumsy bore merely walked out in a well-bred but marked manner. This was comprehensible, for Mr Monk, a sardonic and fey person at best, ostentatiously lost interest very soon, or else retired behind his private fortifications. Yet anyone who fails to hear him will miss one of the few original achievements in jazz.

Of the three or four real jazz composers Monk is the most primitive and limited, because nearest to the improvising soloist. Some great players, especially technically successful ones, soon discover what they can do and go on doing it, like Johnny Hodges (CLP 1430), who plays today as he did in 1931. Luckily. Some, like Parker or the

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Beiderbecke of bop – Fats Navarro (on the superb Blue Note 1531), suffer physically from their inability to leap over the chasm which separates the man who blows from the man who can also get others to express his ideas. Monk, perhaps because his piano technique is inadequate for his ideas, has had to leap that chasm. But what preoccupies him as a composer is what fascinates the innovating soloist: experiments in timing – such as that extraordinary retarded, limping rhythm of his; instrumental adventures – he makes his bass play, at excessive length, like a blues guitar; but above all the ceaseless exploration of phrase and harmony. Fortunately his own compositions are mostly based on simple themes, which do not lose their shape even when taken to pieces in every conceivable way. He is not unaffected by current fashion, as witness his return to the oldest and most elemental figures of the piano blues. It is merely his curiosity, his search for new, even accidental, effects that never changes.

All this we knew and sometimes regretted, for the line between planned experiment and artistic abdication or incompetence is hazy, as in modern painting; and Monk has neither the technical mastery nor the staying power which enables an Ellington or John Lewis to maintain a steady level. Nor has he their orchestral sense. But what Monk's Quartet revealed at the Festival Hall in at least two pieces was a self-discipline, a taut classicism (greatly assisted by the admirable Lester Youngish tenor of Charlie Rouse) and a capacity not merely to indicate the directions of jazz advance, but to occupy, in a formally satisfying way, some of the new territory. And how many people are there today who can do this?

Not Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers who shared the bill with Monk. They are a first-class group with the strength and weakness of the 'blowing session': drive and virtuosity, on one hand, undisciplined trailing solos, rudimentary arrangements or clichés on the other. A properly arranged 'Dat There', one of the finest modern numbers I have heard in a long time, showed what they can do. Their chief asset is Art Blakey, a fantastic but somewhat obtrusive drummer who keeps an iron control over the rest, and a cadaverous young trumpeter of great promise, Lee Morgan.

It is enjoyable music and makes a good evening. We should be grateful that we are at present oversupplied with it in the flesh and on record-labels like Riverside and Blue Note, especially when it is as good as, say, Horace Silver's *Sister Sadie* (on Blue Note 4017; also 4008). On the other hand, will the music of the Jazz Messengers be remembered as other than a fine example of its genre? Will we go back to many of their individual pieces, as we do to several of the *Sidney Bechet Jazz Classics* of 1939-45 (Blue Note 1201), or as we unquestionably shall go back to Dizzy Gillespie's *Portrait of Duke Ellington*, (CLP 1431)? Will we remember them as we shall remember the Thelonious Monk Quartet as it played, for too short a time, on 29 April 1961?

Tagore's Paintings

W. G. ARCHER

Rabindranath Tagore had already reached the advanced age of 67 when he began to paint pictures. For years, he had prided himself on the neatness of his manuscripts and has teased out weird presences in pen and ink from the corrections in his lines of poetry. Pen and ink was his normal medium but in 1928 he suddenly took to inks of many colours, adding, a little later, pencil, crayon and gouache. Dim resemblances to the natural world appeared only in the last stages of composition. The results were fantastic monsters, fierce birds, writhing snake-like creatures and human or semi-human faces and figures.

A passage from his novel, *The Last Poem*, written in 1928, suggests their underlying mood:

> From the new literary dictator we expect creations, straight and sharp – like thorns, like arrows, like spear-heads. Not like fragile flowers, but like the lightning flash and pain of neuralgia, piercing and angular like a Gothic church, not rounded like a mosque dome; not self-complacent but aggressive; even though they be crude like a jute-mill or a government secretariat.

He is writing, satirically, about poetry; but it is fair to associate with this same insistent demand, the savage angular creations, the aggressive, mournful or majestic images, of some of his paintings. Behind his snarling monsters, his 'devouring pack', it is also fair to detect a response to the growing struggle for India's independence, a brusque impatience at foreign rule, a call to defiance, a new kind of liberation. Until his death in 1941, Tagore went on painting copiously. He tended, however, to discard the unconscious and either to illustrate situations, re-interpret previous works or draw from life.

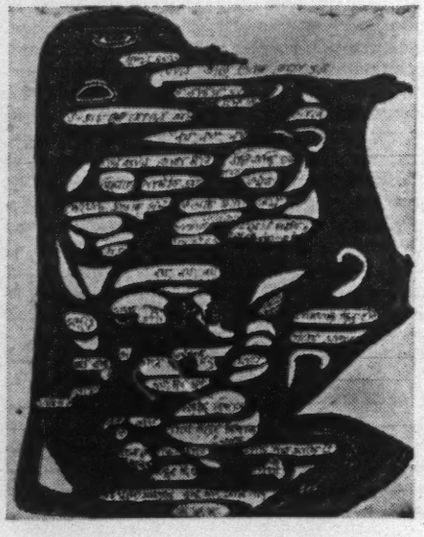
Tagore's desire for the mingling of cultures, the transcendence of nationality, helps to explain the part he was to play in modern Indian painting. In 1928, it was clear that the neo-Bengal or Calcutta school, founded by his nephew Abanindranath and by E. B. Havell, had failed to revitalise Indian painting. Their programme – a return to Indian painting in preference to British, in particular to the art of the Mughals – had produced styles unsuited to contemporary India. Even Coomaraswamy, a champion of Indian nationality, had considered its products 'too often sentimental in conception, weak in drawing and gloomy in colouring', concluding, 'This is not what the world has the right to expect from India'.

To Tagore, the idea of imitating previous Indian styles, of striving to be artificially

Indian, appeared quite wrong; and he looked to another principle altogether for a true solution. 'When we speak of Indian art' he said in 1935,

> it indicates some truth based upon the Indian tradition and temperament. At the same time we must know that there is no such thing as absolute caste restriction in human cultures; they ever have the power to combine and produce new variations, and such combinations have been going on for ages, proving the truth of the deep unity of human psychology . . . Fortunately for our civilisations, all such intermingling happened when professional art critcs were not rampant and artists were not constantly nudged by the elbow of classifiers in their choice of inspiration. Our artists were never tiresomely reminded of the obvious fact that they were Indian; and in consequence, they had the freedom to be naturally Indian in spite of all the borrowings they indulged in.

Tagore vigorously practised what he preached here, and later Indian painters have followed his lead. Indian painters, in Tagore's view, must see India not as India alone but as part of one world. They must be bold. They must, above all, be themselves. These qualities gave his own pictures their freshness and vigour, and the whole course of modern Indian art proves how potent their message was.



Three in One

DAVID DREW

About two years ago, the Third Programme relayed a German recording of Stockhausen's *Gruppen* for three orchestras. Last Monday, it broadcast a Glasgow Musica Viva concert containing the same work, played by the combined Scottish National and BBC Scottish Orchestras. It was a brave venture, which London should emulate without delay. In *Gruppen* more than any other of his works, Stockhausen speaks out with a strong, clear voice. No mumbles or parrot-cries: after two years it sounds as exultantly confident as ever. The implicit rejection of musical ancestry (which one may view with awe and a little suspicion) is the more impressive now that we can see what happens when lesser figures choose Stockhausen as *their* ancestor.

I for one have yet to discover Stockhausen as a master in the traditional musical sense, but with his *Gruppen* he shows himself to be a very striking headmaster. The sheer forcefulness of the *intelligence* is apparent from beginning to end. The moral earnestness one expects; but what surprises is the flexibility of the curriculum, and the unfailing resource with which it is carried out. The invention, bar-to-bar and section-to-section, reveals a degree of fantasy that no mere slide-rule calculation can imitate. The sequence of events holds the attention throughout, and presses very hard on it without exasperating. That is the mark of a creative personality. But is it musically creative?

It would be foolish to argue that because *Gruppen* is memorable both in detail and as a whole, it is now easily comprehended, or indeed comprehensible at all, as a musical entity. The How and When of it are sooner decided than the Why. Yet there are things in *Gruppen* which bear witness to a more real, practical, musical intention than is generally discernible in the *avant-garde* of today. The punctuation is clear, there are suggestions of a co-ordinated attempt at tonal stability (how novel those pedal points sound!), there is a certain modification of the rigorous and self-defeating principle of perpetual variation (though one's sense of relationships needs to be confirmed by further hearings), and most remarkable of all, there is occasional evidence of a traditional harmonic feeling which has regard for coherent voice leading. However, there are parts of the work where the vertical results are as much a matter of chance as of aural control, and one must ask – without hope of answer until the score is available – whether it was chance or forgivable orchestral muddle that accounted for the fact that in some of the denser passages Monday's performance lost hold of all linear and textural sense whereas the German performance of two years ago did not.

Viewed simply as an exercise in orchestral fantasy – and it must show itself to be more than that if it is to be accepted as an important work of art – *Gruppen* again shows signs of virtues and vices which are not admissible to the calculating machine. Especially in the latter part of the work, the orchestration is 'effective' in the traditional extravert manner. One of the most admired effects is an example of orchestral high-jinks which would gladden the heart of any commercial big-band arranger. There is something rather heartening about its lack of true relevance to the context, for this is the kind of unsophisticated indulgence to which composers who use their ears rather than their eyes occasionally fall prey. Such signs of life, good and bad, continually brighten the face of *Gruppen*. At worst, *Gruppen* is a brilliantly ingenious imitation of sense and vitality. In any event, it is a major historical document.

In the meanwhile, the publicity and controversy which naturally accrue to such a work should not cause us to overlook the wholly genuine if modest claims of Thea Musgrave's *Obliques*, a short orchestral work performed at the same concert. Miss Musgrave puts all her musical cards on the table with a clear conscience, and does not waste her own time or ours. *Obliques* is a spirited piece which well deserves a performance, without for one moment requiring the justification of Dr Johnson's most overworked epigram.

Tycoon's Epic

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Carl Foreman is that rarity, a producer one can talk to. He writes his own scripts, having ascended the throne not through columns of figures but by script-writing. *High Noon* was his zenith; *Kwai* broke in half, but made a fortune; he had come to England, part politically blacklisted, part tycoon; with his own company and his own script he produced *The Key*, in which a Conradian theme lurked behind war nostalgia; and now once more, scripting and producing, he offers a whacking, much-marbled slice of war, *The Guns of Navarone* (Odeon).

It has taken him almost four years; no wonder, since it's obviously meant to fulfil all the Foreman demands. These are (in no prejudicial order): £2 million spent, in the expectation of huge returns; the thrill of all war-adventure films; and the slipping-over of a hint that war is beastly and intolerable. Such a mass of contradictions could scarcely be resolved: the overblown epic quite drives out private aims, commando exploits aren't cancelled by 'quiet moments', you can't hit all levels without missing those you prize most. The result is something between spectacle and thriller and think-piece, relying on sheer 'bigness' to take the box-offices by storm.

One final and basic contradiction. It's insinuated that this story of a fantastic raid to save 2,000 lives in the Mediterranean is based on fact, whereas it comes from a novel; and that the more unreal and melodramatic we may find it, the more it embodies truth become legendary.

I won't retail the story, which you have probably gleaned already. It has its landscapes, its moments of grandeur; especially the storm during the landing (shot by the cameraman of *Moby Dick*). It has stars: Gregory Peck, Anthony Quinn, David Niven, Stanley Baker. It has the necessary ingredients of sex and sadism. But instead of character we get a melodramatic showdown, and ruthlessness is built on unrealism. The fact is it's a blood and thunder thriller that fails in suspense. Cut by an hour, made in black-and-white, brought down to earth, kept tense, it might have made a good film. Foreman means to direct, as well as write and produce, his next piece: let's hope that, money aims satisfied, he will be able to realise more of the artist in him and less of the tycoon.

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KINGSLEY MARTIN

It is one thing to learn from the daily paper about a vast May Day parade of soldiers, tanks, guns and rockets, with a multitude of Moscow citizens carrying banners behind; it is quite another to see the whole monstrous affair at breakfast time with Richard Dimbleby, competent and professional as ever. His least happy moment was when he compared part of the procession to a Rotary Club display, only to add that that, of course, would be for quite another purpose. Yes, indeed, one muttered, at once excited and frightened by this unequalled spectacle of Russian power. There were some minutes of gay imaginative relief when the Space Ship arrived, pouring out of its belly a joyful group of children who ran to the rostrum smothering Russia's most photogenic space hero with flowers and kisses.

The same evening, after the much shortened version in Panorama, Robin Day interviewed an attractive group of Soviet students of English; they were just as nice as they could be; liked England, didn't confuse you and me with the capitalist enemy, and were all reading Iris Murdoch, no doubt this year's selected English Author. Whether they still read the once popular John Wain, now that he has said disagreeable things about Russia, we didn't learn. They all read the *Daily Worker* and one found the *Daily Express* entertaining. They made the proper remarks about Pasternak. His book was bad; they hadn't read it. By way of contrast with the brilliant display from the Red Square, *Tonight* gave us a picture of a hush-hush place in America where America's future space heroes are training for the next adventure. Mainly we saw their houses, rushed up to ensure them maximum comfort, and their wives, who told us how their husbands became tense before D Day and how expensive it was always to have to give parties to one's friends even when one couldn't afford it. The demon of publicity is not to be exorcised in the United States. The indignity of imitation, the risks of failure or at least of delay, were not enough to postpone this unwise build-up even for 24 hours.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,628 **Set by Frank Shaw**

The usual prizes are offered for The Facts of Life as explained to children by one of the following: Brendan Behan, Francoise Sagan, Lord Montgomery, Frank Richards (of *Billy Bunter*), John Betjeman or Richard Dimbleby. Limit 100 words; entries by 16 May.

Result of No. 1,625 **Set by G. W. Stonier**

Imagine an English Olympus, with very English gods and goddesses, dissensions and descents. The usual prizes are offered for the best glimpse of their activities; limit, 120 words of prose or 16 lines of verse.

Report

Jupiter sits on a cloud, bowler hat tipped forward, or comes to earth as a milkman leaving his pony cart too long outside a bungalow in the green belt. Diana wears jodphurs, and watches eagerly for the first man on her Moon.

While Hermes flits his supersonic way
To organise the Commonwealth's decay.
(ALBERICK)

There are new deities: Sadisteria, idol of thwarted matrons, shrieking 'Bring back the cat!' (Trooper Jones).

Competition has been fierce to get in the sharpest digs, and it took me a long time to weed down possible winners to a final five: A. M. Sayers, Anon (name and address please) and Allan M. Laing. They divide the prizes equally. Runners-up: S. John Peskett, June Langfield and R. A. Mackenzie.

One afternoon King Zeus, upon his cloud,
Watched cricket, growling 'Hit the blasted ball!
If I were batting, I could knock that tripe
For six three times an over!' Hera smiled:
'How big he talks! – but then, perhaps he means
If Ganymede were umpire!' Whereupon
Up chirped Mnemosyne, the lady-help:
'I'm sure dear Zu would make a heap of runs!'
'Sweet Mozzy! she, at least, believes in me'
Cried Zeus; 'by Self, I think I'll have a crack!'
He earthward slipped . . . and presently appeared
As Farmer Giles, to bat for Pingleford . . .
'Now Vulcan!' whispered Hera, 'down you go

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And play the Village Blacksmith . . .' Vulcan bowled
A thunderbolt that tore the Jovian stumps,
Whereat Olympus reeled in impious mirth . . .
A. M. SAYERS

From Mrs Vulcan's Diary

. . . one of the arrows tore a hole in Mars' pants. So there was nothing for it but to wrap M up in the bedclothes, while I sat on the edge of the bed to repair the damage. I was so busy with my sewing I didn't hear V stealing up on us, and – another of his pranks – he threw his net right over the two of us. I must admit we did present a rather compromising spectacle! V said afterwards, 'I suppose in future when I find a man in bed with my wife, I'm to assume he's just another victim of Cupid's arrows!' I sometimes think it's our wonderful sense of humour which more than anything else makes us different from mortals . . .

ANON

'I say, Jupiter,' drawled Mars, 'those beastly Reds have got a man in space. You've got to do something about it.' 'A thunderbolt or two,' suggested Vulcan. 'Now, now,' said Jupiter, uneasily: 'you boys are so impatient. We must do nothing in a hurry.' 'That's all very well,' snapped Diana, 'but before you do anything, they'll be raping ME!' Juno sneered. 'Don't be indelicate. Anyhow, you're not *that* desirable.' Minerva interposed to suggest a Cosmic Commission to investigate the situation, and report. 'A splendid idea,' cried Jupiter, 'we must proceed with caution.' Mars snorted: 'Before your Commission reports Earth will have blown up.' 'We can't help that,' said Jupiter. 'We mustn't interfere in a country's domestic affairs.'

ALLAN M. LAING

City Lights

TAURUS

General Challe collapsed suddenly and British investors rushed impatiently into the surtax-payers' celebration which only a decent concern about Cuba and Algeria had delayed. But it was a brief, ritual spurt. The market, toiling so far unaided, is beginning to feel the wish for some stimulus from outside; with a Budget too ambiguous to be stimulating and a Wall Street which no longer regards Mr Kennedy as the hero of the fourth eclogue, may be disappointed. The urge to pay higher prices for a limited supply of shares is still strong. Trustees have still to take such advantage of their new freedom as speculators have left them, and unit trusts – the latest gimmick is a generation-long guarantee against loss – are again beginning to woo the small investors: prices, if only events will keep out of the way, will rise even higher. But the pace of the advance may begin to slacken, and the landscape may seem to have changed as soon as there is breath and time to look at it.

* * *

The new issue boom, too, may have reached its peak last week, when an offer for sale of £450,000 of Penguin shares brought in 150,000 Chatterley-maddened applications to a total of £67m. The stag is traditionally considered a useful animal; he applies for shares in a new issue which he expects to open at a small premium, giving him the chance of selling at an immediate profit; the issuing house is thereby assured of full subscription for its offer, and the heavy wheels of the capital market spin round comfortably. This cosy theory served well enough in the days when stagging was a small professional business, practised only by those who were

W H S

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The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, The Hon. David John Smith, J.P., circulated with the Report and Accounts for the period to 28 January 1961.

THE YEAR'S RESULTS

The year's results read in isolation or in bare comparison with the preceding 43-week period would seem to be disappointing. We believe, however, that they should be regarded not in isolation but against a background of the last few years and in the light of the programme which your Company is carrying out to meet the challenge of the future and the increasing competition of today. This has meant embarking upon a programme of capital expenditure designed to improve greatly the firm's shops, bookstalls and wholesale houses. At the same time the whole field affecting the staff, pay, training and working conditions is being thoroughly overhauled. In a business which has 369 shops, 776 bookstalls and 43 main wholesale houses it must, of necessity, be some time before this programme can become fully effective and the advantages of the many improvements be realised. Our programme of re-organisation has now been running about three years and I expect it will probably be another three years before we can see the final operation emerging.

THE ACCOUNTS

The Consolidated Profit, before taxation, for the 52 weeks was £1,753,138 compared with £1,795,763 for the preceding 43-week period. Taxation (after taking into account provision for the previous periods no longer required) absorbed £916,563 leaving £836,575 for appropriation. Net Dividends for the year on the Preference Shares, together with the Interim and Proposed Final Dividend on the Ordinary Shares, amount to £475,606. After these allocations we were able to put to General Reserve £355,000 and to increase the carry forward by £5,969.

DIVIDEND

We have decided to recommend a Final Dividend of 8 per cent making 12 per cent for the year.

ready to back their belief that they knew more about the market than the issuing house which fixed the offer price. But ten years of Tory government had produced a citizen-army of professional speculators. When the market is roaring blindly ahead – and that is when private companies offer themselves for sale – every popular issue, anything which a Kensington housewife has heard of, is bound to be heavily oversubscribed by stags who know from experience that it will open in the market not a few pennies but several shillings above the offer price. The issuing business has become a middle-class (and, typically, less costly) form of football pool. A dull occupation, no doubt: but the stake is no more than the cost of a few stamps, and the prize – 500 Penguins, offered at 12s, opened in the market at 17s 6d, would have brought in £137 – is by no means to be sneezed at.

You might have thought, supply and demand being what they are said to be, that the issuing houses would have taken the opportunity of the stagging fashion to charge higher prices. But they know that the fashion rests on emotion rather than logic and that the market price, after a few furious weeks, may come back to what they decided was reasonable: most of these companies with well-known names are offering only a few shares for sale, and speculation is bound to produce temporarily grotesque results. They know too that they are being paid very well for doing very little and that mass-stagging obliterates their risk: the client is tickled to think that so many people are after his shares, the issuing house gathers some synthetic glory, so why bother?

They have begun to bother only quite recently. The speculator with £1,000 to play with, backing his fancy within the Stock Exchange account, feels free to play not with £1,000 of shares but with conceivable losses of £1,000 – shares of perhaps 20 times that value. The stag, similarly, with £1,000 in the bank, reckoning that he has only a one-in-20 chance in the ballot, will gaily apply for £20,000 of shares: if he fails, he will get his cheques back; if he gets more than he can pay for, he is confident that his bank manager, knowing that he has won a quick profit, will not deny him a few days' credit. This was not possible in the old, professional days, when all cheques received were automatically banked. But nowadays the well-paid issuing houses have got into the habit of accepting paper over-subscription as a compliment and refrain from banking all cheques because of the extra expense and time it involves. Recent issues have worried them: in one case more than half of the cheques of applicants successful in the ballot bounced back at them. But it took the ICFC, a semi-public organisation set up to finance private companies to make a stand: ICFC is making a broiler chicken issue, saw a queue for prospectuses, and promptly announced that it meant to clear every cheque received. This may deter the stags; it may be no more than a delicate hint that the issue deserves to be heavily stagged by those who can afford it; but, if the ICFC's competitors have any courage, it should help to keep at least the gate crashers out of a very pleasant party.

★ ★ ★

The Stock Exchange boom has titillated everyone. The National Council of Labour Colleges has now produced a *Trade Unionist's Guide to the Stock Exchange* (only 5s, and reassuringly rude adjectives thrown in from time to time): 'it is a comment on our times', the introduction apologetically comments, 'that a knowledge of how the Stock Exchange works is as necessary as a knowledge of how parliament works'. Would-be capitalists among the trade unions should certainly take note of Mr Lydall's latest estimate that in 1954 (a charitable estimate for a year since which inequalities have compounded themselves) the richest ten per cent of the population owned 79 per cent of all private capital and virtually all privately-held stocks and shares. The richest one per cent of income units, he estimates, received seven per cent of total personal income; but the richest one per per cent of persons over 20 owned 43 per cent of all personal capital, compared with only 24 per cent even in the United States. Any ordinary Chancellor, faced with this monstrous inequality of wealth, would have imposed a capital levy, or would have at least have taken death duties out of the hands of the lawyers and introduced a capital gains tax; Mr Lloyd has preferred to adjust the balance by increasing the inequality of income.

Company News

Cement makers are raising their prices at once in reply to the higher tax on oil. *Bristol Aeroplane* is raising its dividend from 11 to 12½ per cent, but only the full accounts, things having changed so much during the year, can throw light on this decision. *Cotton* shares are down on Hong Kong's threat not to renew its voluntary agreement on exports. *Schweppes*, jam and all, has only just maintained its profit, though the dividend is up from 23 to 24 per cent. *Cammell Laird*, recovering from its demarcation disputes of 1959, has produced a 1960 profit even better than that for 1958 and a dividend up from seven to 12 per cent. *British Petroleum*, with less assurance than *Shell*, is promising a scrip issue.

PEARL

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Claims paid in 1960 by the Pearl Assurance Company Ltd., exceed **£18 millions** in the Life Branches and **£4 millions** in the Fire and Accident Branches.

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Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

It is really unforgiveable, the imposition of the American public on the engineers and technicians at Cape Canaveral. Everyone welcomes the frankness with which the US space administration discloses its intentions, even though this means that its failures are signalled round the world as well as its successes. But a count-down is nerve-racking enough when nobody is watching; and the knowledge that 100 million television viewers may be risking ulcers too is no compensation for the men who have had to take, in front of the cameras, decisions about the Mercury-Redstone man-lob involving both the life of the astronaut and national prestige. If space-men die or American stock falls as a result of stage-fright on the range, the blame will lie with the publicity policy which has, amazingly, survived repeated fiascoes since Vanguard I disappeared in a cloud of orange smoke. It is as if a general staff had to conduct a battle from the arena of the Royal Tournament, with the crowd cheering or booing.

Of course, reliability and safety depend on much more than the count-down. They begin with a national tradition in engineering. There can be no denying that American industry has had to grow new habits – 'philosophies' they call them – in design and construction, in the quest for high reliability of rocket

parts. If one may risk a generalisation about anything as varied and successful as US technology, there is a bias towards cost-cutting and mass-production methods in which they expect high reject rates and short lives for the products. A change of outlook has also been forced by other developments than rockets. The problem is exemplified by one American company which had to supply extremely reliable electronic components during the war, and found that the experienced engineers simply could not do the job. They had to train new men for it.

The arithmetic of reliability is instructive. Suppose a rocket system contains 10,000 parts, the failure of any one of which means that the system cannot achieve its purpose – whether it is to put a man in space, drop instruments on the moon or carry an H-bomb to its target. If you want an 80 per cent chance of success, the reliability of each part must be so great that the odds are about 50,000 to one against its failure. With so many things that have to go right, all together, I find it amazing that rocket technology has advanced so far and so fast. (In my opinion, the Lunik III operation which secured the pictures of the far side of the moon is still unbeaten as an engineering achievement.)

There is, in preparations for rocket flights, an excruciating problem of testing. You cannot submit the actual parts which are going to fly to severe tests, because the testing may damage them. If one faulty part delays a shot, even the necessary gentle testing of some of the other parts may, if repeated too often, wear them out. And, even given engineering to almost impeccable standards, there remains the human factor, insofar as men have to decide that the designs, tests and safeguards are adequate for the job, and may have to give the order to fire when a margin of doubt remains. People who are inclined to jeer at the postponement or failures of American space-rocket shots can have no idea of what the difficulties and dilemmas are. It is, of course, legitimate to consider the military implications of rocket unreliability, or to marvel at the Soviet successes. But, on the whole, the American space programme has gone very well. Many of the Americans' troubles have stemmed from trying to adapt rather small liquid-fuel military rockets to ambitious space operations, in a hurry. In space research, using instruments they have been extremely successful (far more so than the Soviet scientists) in devising highly intelligent experiments and miniaturizing the instruments. The problem they are up against in the prestige war is that you can't miniaturize a man.

Some Americans like to say that what they need is 'Rolls-Royce quality' engineering; and this may be an encouragement to those who think that Europe might be good at space technology. However, it is not the whole answer. One may wonder whether Europeans could have conceived, planned and executed a sudden large-scale space programme as effectively as the Americans are doing; here again it is a matter of engineering tradition, reminiscent of the American effort on the atomic bomb during the war or, more recently, the Polaris programme. A tantalising thing is to consider what could be achieved, in space or on earth, by a marriage of the engineering traditions of the United States, Europe, and the Soviet Union. But, although international co-operation at the frontiers of basic scientific research is going well, over great areas of technology it is virtually non-existent. That is a theme I shall return to, another time.

COMPANY MEETING

THE BRITISH PETROLEUM COMPANY

INCREASING DEMAND AND INCREASING COMPETITION

THE HON. M. R. BRIDGEMAN ON "50/50" AGREEMENTS

The 52nd Annual General Meeting of The British Petroleum Company Limited will be held on 25 May in London.

The following is an extract from the Statement by the Chairman, The Hon. M. R. Bridgeman, C.B.E, which has been circulated to Stockholders:

The background against which the results should be viewed, is one of increasing demand coincident with increasing competition. Last year world demand for oil outside the Communist bloc rose by about 63 million tons or 7½%. In the U.S.A. demand rose by only 13 million tons or 3% whereas in Western Europe the increase was 29 million tons or 17%. This rising demand has, however, been accompanied by greatly increased competitive activity, due primarily to the "surplus" of oil to which reference is frequently made.

There is still a widespread belief that, in spite of the "50/50" agreements for sharing the profit arising from the production operation, the oil companies are depriving the producing countries of a fair share of the profits. I would like by reference to our results to place this suggestion in a more accurate perspective.

The main increase in world production in 1960 took place in the Middle East where the increase was over 33 million tons. Payments to the Middle Eastern countries under the "50/50" agreements are based on posted prices, and the total sum included in our 1960 accounts for such payments was £128,000,000.

Our own Group profits, which last year amounted to just over £62 million, are related to the price we realise for the oil when we sell it; and, to the extent that such sales are in the form of refined products, these profits represent the net result of all the operations involved, and not merely those related to production.

It is not possible for us to bring to the consumer the ever greater quantities of oil which are required unless we provide not only the production facilities in the producing areas, but also the tankers, pipelines, refineries, and marketing installations which are necessary. But although the increase in revenues of the producing countries depends on the availability of all these facilities on a steadily mounting scale, the Governments concerned are not obliged to spend on the provision of such facilities any of the money they receive from oil royalties and taxes.

The effect of the "50/50" agreements in 1960, so far as we are concerned, can be summarised as follows. The amount payable to the Middle Eastern Governments was five times the sum the stockholders will receive out of the 1960 profits if the amount now recommended for distribution is approved. To maintain the Group on a competitive basis, we had to incur capital expenditure of £112 million, and once more had recourse to outside borrowing. The oil industry's part of the "50/50" bargain thus involves not only the acceptance of the risks—which are very considerable—but also the responsibility for providing all the capital for the refining, transport and marketing, as well as for the actual production of the oil. I do not think this can reasonably be described as a bad bargain for the people of the producing countries.

Turning now to the year's results, BP Group sales of crude oil and products at 73 million tons were the highest in the Company's history, nearly 10 million tons or 15% above the corresponding figure for 1959; and as already stated, the Group's net income after taxation was just over £62 million compared with just over £63 million in 1959. The attention which we are giving to our costs has enabled us to show a welcome reduction per ton in our operating expenditures, but sales income continues to be adversely affected by the competitive nature of the markets. Nevertheless, the Group income before taxation shows an increase of over £13 million.

As to the transfer of £31 million to General Reserve, this will with the other transfers which have been made bring the total of the Company's capital and revenue reserves together with the Share Premium Account to £263 million. The Directors recognise that with the 1960 additions the reserves have reached a high level and they contemplate reviewing later in the year the advisability of measures for the capitalisation of reserves in part, if this then appears warranted.

As to the future, I hesitate to make any positive prediction, optimistic or otherwise. At the same time, I think I am safe in saying that BP is well equipped to play its part in meeting the demand for oil, which can be expected to continue increasing throughout the free world. But it does not follow that our profits after tax will increase in proportion to any increase in the tonnage of our sales.

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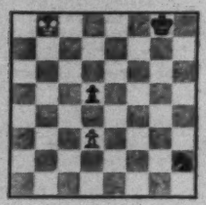
The Chess Board

No. 599. Seek the Leitmotiv

While brooding over the prize-winning entries of our Study Competition, even those of our beginners who rarely venture beyond the 4-pointer may find their interest in study-solving quickened. Let them bear in mind that what matters first is to find the *leitmotiv*, for just like almost all good jokes are mere variations of a relatively small number of basic ideas, just so the number of really fundamental ideas in endgame studies is surprisingly small. To get to know (and to spot) them will inevitably improve one's prowess at practical endgame-playing; and just to see how perfectly the *leitmotiv* of an endgame study may tally with (and, indeed be inspired by) an actual endgame position, look at this study published by L. Prokes in 1946. White draws by 1) Kc7, Ktg4; 2) Kd6, Ktf6; 3) Ke6!! (Ke7??), Kg7; 4) Ke7!, Kg6; 5) Ke6, Kg5; 6) Ke5, Kg6; 7) Ke6, etc. But why would 3) . . . Ke7 have been a grievous blunder? Because Black would have won by . . . Kg7; 4) Ke6, Kg6; 5) Ke5, Kg5; 6) Ke6, Kf4! Inspiration came from an endgame drawn by Blackburne against Zukertort /16/6p1/8/5kP1/4Kt3/4K3/8. Blackburne played 1) . . . Kg3!; 2) Kd1, Kf3!! (Kf2??); 3) Kd2, Kf2!; 4) Kd3, Kf3; 5) Kd4, Kf4; 6) Kd5, Ke3:; 7) Ke5, Kf3; 8) Kf6, Kg4:; and the draw was secured. And why would 2) . . . Kf2 have lost? Because of 3) Kd2, Kf3; 4) Kd3, Kf4; 5) Kd4, Kf3; 6) Ke5, Ke3:; 7) g5!.



And just to show how useful it may be to have that sort of *leitmotiv* at the back of one's mind, here is a position reported by M. Milescu in *Deutsche Schachzeitung*. /6kt1/6P1/4k1K1/3p4/8/3P4/16/. That was Richter-Stoltz, Zoppot 1935; and after 1) Kg5 White would have been hopelessly lost by . . . Kte7!; 2) Kf4, Kf6!, etc. But the Swedish master was too impetuous and blundered by 1) . . . Kf7; whereupon Kurt Richter had his chance to prove that he knew his Blackburne (if not his Prokes whose study was produced 11 years later). Anyway, Richter recognised our *leitmotiv* and thus saved a valuable ½ point by 2) Kf5, Kg7:; 3) Ke6, Ktf6; 4) Ke7!!, Kg6; 5) Ke6, Kg5; 6) Ke5, etc. Obviously 4) . . . d4 would have been countered by 5) Ke6; and 4) . . . Kte4 would have been futile against 5) Ke6, Ktc3; 6) Ke5, followed by Ke4, etc.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White might have comfortably secured his win by Rf3, but what he did

A: G. Popov 1960

play was a rather less obvious and more brilliant move forcing mate speedily. How? **B**, a win, should be a bargain for 6 ladder-points with my useful hint that what matters is to close the 6th rank and to open the 7th. In **C** (for 7 points) the win is forced by a remarkable *tour de force* of a Kt jumping all the way from a8 to a1. Usual prizes. Entries by 16 May.

B: A. O. Herbstmann, 1947: /k7/p2K1p2/7R/r1p1P3/1p6/24/.

C: P. Heuäcker, 1961: /Kt3r2B/1p3Kt2/8/3bP2B/8/2k5/kt7/1K6/.

REPORT on No. 596 Set 14 April

A: 1) Qe6!!, Re6; 2) Kt(h)g6 ch etc. If 1) . . . Be6:; 2) Ktf5 ch etc.

B: 1) Kte4!, Ktd3 (best); 2) Qf2!!, Ktf2:; 3) Ktg3 ch, Kg1; 4) Ktg5!! etc.

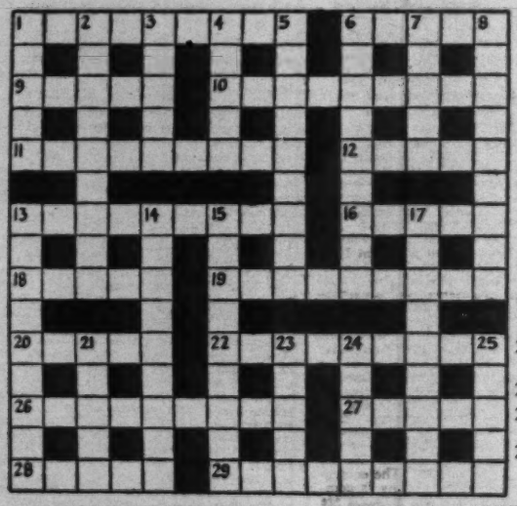
C: 1) Bd7! (Bc6 ch ?), h2; 2) Bc6 ch, Kg1; 3) Bh1!!, Ktg2 ch! (Kh1:??); 4) Kc2, Ktf4 ch (best); 5) Kc1, Kth 3; 6) Ba8! Ke2??, Ktf4; 7) Bh1, Ktg2 ch; 8) Kc2, etc.

Many correct solutions. Prizes: E. Allan, D. E. Cohen, A. J. Sobey, P. Thursfield, M. J. Trolan. While I am abroad (until mid-June) entries to be forwarded in time must reach the office by Monday 2nd post.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 456

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 456, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 16 May.



ACROSS

1. Place for bell tents with a river behind (9).
6. Either way it is preconcerted (5).
9. Shades for the hair (5).
10. Amazed when our side is hemmed in by a multitude (9).
11. The animal without a leg goes for cheese (9).
12. The sapless foliage of the ——' (Shelley) (5).
13. Transport which won't do for the sea dog? (9).
16. The modest have lost their heads in the rush (5).
18. Grip in which the doctor holds artists (5).
19. Athletic event for the broadcasting people? (9).
20. Diminish as a typical party man (5).
22. Tense and faulty (9).
26. Man about to ban a star (9).
27. Runner who must be backed in the preliminary races (5).
28. Call up which is all right in time (5).
29. Whining, according to Shakespeare (9).

DOWN

1. Funny mixture of nought and 1,201 (5).
2. Obsession with one, although having nobody at heart (9).
3. Place to give a fool overtime? (5).
4. There is in him a general likeness (5).
5. Keep a teller company when it is a voting matter (9).
6. If lake and river were missing from here, it would be a shame (9).
7. Caught in a genuine attempt at peace (5).
8. Dog scattering pink geese (9).
13. Sign of a calm sea studied in physics? (9).
14. Concerning a story which may be made good (9).
15. Green coat started by a composer (9).
17. Criticise a weapon for saving society (9).
21. Prince of Aragon (5).
23. Steal a small amount (5).
24. City with nothing for the lover (5).
25. Stay behind covered with something dark (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 454

T	H	E	O	R	E	M		T	I	G	H	T	E	R
A		M		E		A		E		R		W		E
X	R	A	Y	S		J	U	N	K	E	T	I	N	G
I		N		I		E		E		N		N		R
C	H	A	S	T	I	S	E	D		A	R	E	N	A
A		T		T		O		D				D		
B	L	I	G	H	T	Y		S	K	I	F	F	L	E
		O		A				E		R				
W	I	N	S	L	O	W		V	A	R	S	I	T	Y
A				L		A		A				T		A
L	O	C	K	S		L	A	N	C	A	S	T	E	R
L		A		T		L		D		M		E		D
M	A	N	D	A	T	O	R	Y		B	A	R	R	A
A		A		N		O		K		E		E		R
P	A	L	A	D	I	N		E	A	R	L	D	O	M

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 454

L. A. Pile (Rotherham)
Mrs R. N. P. Wilson (Whitby)
Ivor Bywaters (W. Croydon)

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Applicants should have an honours degree in Political Science, History, Economics or Law, or a comparable degree. A special interest in the comparative study of political institutions or the sociology of politics would be desirable for either post, but is not essential.

The salary for a Senior Lecturer will be at the rate of £1,750 per annum rising by annual increments to £2,000; for a Lecturer £1,250 per annum, and in the case of the Permanent Lectureship will rise by annual increments of £75 to £1,700 per annum. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses.

Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 15 June 1961.

HUSSEY COLLEGE, WARRI, WESTERN NIGERIA
Wanted:

1. SUITABLY QUALIFIED MALE GRADUATE TEACHER AS PRINCIPAL. EXPERIENCE NOT LESS THAN SEVEN YEARS POST-GRADUATE TEACHING. ABILITY TO ORGANISE CO-EDUCATIONAL PUBLIC GRAMMAR SCHOOL UP TO SIXTH FORM 650 STUDENTS STRONG.

2. SUITABLY QUALIFIED GRADUATE TEACHERS FOR PHYSICS, CHEMISTRY, BIOLOGY, AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE, ENGLISH, GEOGRAPHY, MATHEMATICS, FRENCH, LATIN, ECONOMICS AND COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS FOR WHICH PROFESSIONAL QUALIFICATIONS WILL SUFFICE.

Applications must reach college not later than 15 May 1961.

O. EFUEYE
Secretary Board of Governors.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF SWANSEA
Chair of English Language and Literature

Applications are invited for appointment to the Chair of English Language and Literature which will become vacant on 30 September next.

Particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, to whom applications must be sent by 10 June 1961

THE UNIVERSITY OF SHEFFIELD

Applications are invited for a post of LECTURER or ASSISTANT LECTURER in ECONOMIC STATISTICS to begin duties on 1 October 1961. An application from a candidate who expects to graduate in 1961 or from an economic theorist prepared to make economic statistics his main interest will be considered. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience on the scales: Lecturer:—£1,050 x 50 – 1,400 x 75 – 1,850; Assistant Lecturer:— £800 x 50 – 950, with FSSU provision and family allowance. A grant towards removal expenses will be made. Further particulars may be obtained from The Registrar, to whom applications (4 copies) including the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent by 29 May 1961.

SALOP COUNTY COUNCIL
APPOINTMENT OF PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKER

Applications invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance Team.

Whitley Council salary and conditions. Scale £740 to £1,000. Travelling and subsistence.

Forms of application and conditions of service from County Medical Officer, College Hill, Shrewsbury.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

OXFORDSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE

The Education Committee will shortly introduce the second stage of their plan for providing one or more periods of residential education as part of the full-time education of boys and girls in secondary modern schools.

This second stage will be mainly concerned with providing an opportunity for adolescent girls between 13½ and 15 years of age to live and study together as members of a small group. There will be about 35 girls on each course which will last 3-4 weeks and be housed at a country mansion on the southern part of the Welsh border.

A realistic programme of advice, demonstration and guidance related to the needs and interests of girls of this age will be a feature of each course in addition to environmental studies and purposeful physical activity.

Applications are invited for the following full-time post from women interested in working with girls of this age and in the challenging and rewarding task of helping to equip them for their future responsibilities as young citizens and home makers:

SENIOR TUTOR - to take charge of these courses; to act as hostess; to be generally responsible through the programme for making each course a valuable experience for the girls selected to attend.

Married women with experience of girls of this age and a background of stable and successful family life may be interested. Teaching experience useful but not essential. The contract of service for this post could alternatively be from late September to May each year, excluding the school holidays at Christmas and Easter.

Salary: Burnham Scale + £240 p.a. or proportionately for months of service. Free board and lodging will be provided whilst at the centre.

Forms of application, returnable to the undersigned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement, will be sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

A. R. CHORLTON,
Director of Education,
County Offices, Oxford.

SOMERSET EDUCATION COMMITTEE
AREA YOUTH ORGANISER

Applications are invited for the appointment of Area Youth Organiser for the West Somerset Area. Salary in accordance with Soulbury Scale (Youth Service Officers, Grade D.

Candidates should have had successful experience of work amongst young people and have organising and administrative ability. Canvassing will disqualify.

Application forms (returnable by 23 May 1961) and further particulars from the Chief Education Officer, County Education Office, Trull Road, Taunton.

SURREY EDUCATION COMMITTEE
YOUTH SERVICE

Esher, Molesey Youth Club

Applications are invited from qualified men and women for full-time Club Leader of the above Open Mixed Youth Club. Club meets in its own premises and caters primarily for boys and girls of 15-20 years. Salary, for Teachers and those with qualifications approved by the Committee, in accordance with the appropriate Burnham Scale, i.e. £520 x £27 10s. – £1,000 p.a. plus London Allowance. For other Leaders the normal maximum of the salary scale will be £905 p.a. plus London Allowance.

Application form and further particulars obtainable on receipt of s.a.e. from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, to be returned by 17 May.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal

THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA,

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

ALFORD House Youth Club, Lambeth, require an active and imaginative leader for its girls' section. Write with full particulars to the Warden, Alford House, Aveline St, Kennington, London, SE11.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

SPICERS LIMITED

Invite applications for the following appointments at their company's headquarters:

(1) MARKET RESEARCH ASSISTANT

to the Market Research Manager. Candidates should be graduates, B.Sc. (Econ.), BA(Comm.), or BA(PPE), and have at least two years experience in market research, preferably industrial rather than consumer in character. Preferred age-group 22/26 years. The position requires a flexible and imaginative mind, precision and accuracy. An excellent salary is offered.

(2) MARKET RESEARCH CLERK

Candidates should have several 'O' level passes and preferably two 'A' level passes in the GCE, mathematical ability, an enquiring mind and an interest in trade and economics. No previous commercial experience necessary. The position is suitable for anyone intending to make a career in marketing or in general commerce who may wish to study for an external degree in economics or commerce. Progressive salary.

Contributory pension and free life assurance schemes & canteen facilities. Details to Personnel Adviser,

SPICERS LTD,
19 New Bridge Street, London, EC4.

THE BRADY CLUBS AND SETTLEMENT

require Jewish paid helpers for afternoon work with the JUNIOR CLUBS, which cater for children of varying age groups between four and thirteen. Residential accommodation available from 1 September.

Apply in writing to Mr M. E. Rubin, at the Brady Clubs and Settlement, 192-196 Hanbury Street, London, E1.

STELLA FISHER in the STRAND

During the summer months, a number of housewives and 'mums' as well as students, undergrads and teachers take a few weeks casual work through us. For interviews please contact

STELLA FISHER BUREAU,
436 Strand, WC2. TEM. 6644.
Licensed Annually by LCC. Member of Employment Agents' Federation.

UNIVERSITY of Hong Kong. Lectureship and Assistant Lectureship in History. Applications are invited for appointment, depending on qualifications, to the posts of Lecturer and Assistant Lecturer in History. Candidates should have a good Honours degree with suitable teaching and research experience, and qualifications in one or more of the following fields: English Social History; the British Commonwealth; Europe since 1500; the Far East since 1500; Modern China/Japan/South-East Asia. The successful candidates would be expected to take up the posts by October 1961. The present annual salary scales, which are under review, are (including the allowance payable to expatriate staff) Lecturer (man) £1,800 x £50 – £2,400, (woman) £1,425 x £40 – £1,905, Assistant Lecturer (man) £1,600 x £50 – £1,750, (woman) £1,265 x £40 – £1,385. The equivalent of income tax in the Colony is comparatively low. First-class sea passages are provided for expatriate staff and their families on first appointment and leaves. Accommodation at reasonable rental is provided for those receiving expatriation allowance. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Hong Kong and London, on 22 June 1961.

AUSTRALIAN National University, Canberra. School of General Studies. Senior Lectureships in Japanese (2). Lectureship in Philosophy. Applications are invited for appointments to two Senior Lectureships in Japanese and a Lectureship in Philosophy. The successful candidates will be required to take up duty as soon as possible after appointment. The salary range for a Senior Lecturer is £A2,450 – 110 – £A3,000; and for a Lecturer £A1,650 – 100 – £A2,450. Commencing salary will be in accordance with qualifications and experience. Further information and the summary forms which must accompany an application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 17 June 1961.

SECOND chance for women over 20 – education, for personal development, purposeful leisure, responsible employment. One-year residential course: English Language and Literature, Economics, History, Psychology, Social Studies. No examinations, but suitable students enabled to train afterwards for teaching, social work, etc. Recognised by Ministry of Education. Grants available. Apply immediately, Sec., (NS), Hillcroft College, Surbiton, Surrey.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Mediaeval History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A36 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 9 June 1961.

REPUBLIC of the Sudan. The Ministry of Education invites applications for appointment as Lecturers and Teachers in the following: (a) High Institute for Training Secondary Schoolmasters. (b) Institute of Education, Bakht er Ruda (Centre for Training Teachers in the Intermediate Schools and Technical Inspection of Schools). (c) Teacher Centre for Training Mistresses for Girls' Intermediate Schools. (d) Research Work. (e) Educational Planning. (f) Educational Statistics. Qualifications: Candidates for all posts must hold an appropriate University Degree and preferably hold higher qualifications in Education. In addition candidates for post no. (d) should have a Mathematics degree plus experience in educational statistics and service in a high institute of educational research, and have publications in this line of study. Candidates for post (e) should have at least five years' experience in educational planning. They should have good knowledge of statistics work, and fluency in at least two languages. Candidates for post (f) should hold an Economics Degree and have about five years' experience in educational statistics work and should have fluency in at least two languages. Terms of Service: Appointment will be on Short Term Contract (with bonus) for a period up to five years. Salary will be determined according to age, qualifications and experience. A cost of living allowance, reviewed every two months, is payable. This is usually between £S168 and £S180 per annum. An outfit allowance of £S50 is payable upon appointment. Leave accrues at the rate of 7 days per month. A special resettlement gratuity to British masters teaching in English in Secondary Schools and higher institutions of the Ministry of Education will also be paid on satisfactory completion of the period of contract. Application should be made to the Appointments Section, Sudan Embassy, 3 Cleveland Row, St James's, London, SW1, quoting reference 4/1000. Closing date: 31 May 1961.

REPUBLIC of the Sudan. The Ministry of Education invites applications for appointment as Secondary Schoolmasters in the Sudan. Masters are particularly required to teach English up to 'O' level or the equivalent. Vacancies also exist for Masters to teach Mathematics, Science, History and Geography up to a similar level. Applicants should possess a University Degree in Arts or Science and preferably hold a Certificate of Education. Teaching experience and willingness to assist with games, physical training and other school activities, will be an advantage. Appointment will be on contract (with bonus) for a period of up to five years. Salary ranges from £S1,075 to £S1,675 (£S1 = £1 0s. 6d.). Starting salary will be determined according to age, qualifications and experience. A cost of living allowance, reviewed every two months, is payable. The average usually ranges between £S168 and £S180 per annum. An initial Outfit Allowance of £S50 is payable on appointment. Leave accrues at the rate of 7 days per month. A special resettlement gratuity to British Masters teaching in English in Secondary Schools and higher institutions of the Ministry of Education will also be paid on satisfactory completion of the period of contract. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Appointments Section, Sudan Embassy, 3 Cleveland Row, St James's, London, SW1, quoting reference 4/1003. Closing date 31 May 1961.

AIR Ministry: Translators from (a) Russian, (b) Polish and Russian, (c) French and Italian. 3 posts for men or women, (a) at Bracknell, Berks, (b) and (c) in London. Minimum age on 1.5.61: 25 for (a), 20 for (b) and (c). Qualifications: (a) normally a degree in Russian: maths and physics up to GCE 'A' level standard: knowledge of meteorology desirable: (b) and (c) thorough practical knowledge of appropriate languages and, normally, 2nd class honours degree in at least one of them: final year students may apply. Prospects of permanency. Starting salary (Inner London) £596 (at 20) to £819 (at 25 or over), rising to £1,214. Housing at Bracknell can be arranged in due course for post (a). Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1 for application form quoting 5303/61. Closing date 25 May 1961.

ITALY: Teacher wanted October '61 to May '62 prospects longer, male 25-35, for English language and literature classes undergraduate level in select girls' languages school. Qualities sought enthusiasm, initiative, responsibility. Reply by 19 May 1961. Mr F. Prentiss, Via Cernaia 40, Turin.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd.

REPUBLIC of the Sudan. The Ministry of Education invites applications for posts as Schoolmistresses in Girls' Secondary Schools and Girls' Training Colleges in the Sudan. Applicants should possess a University Degree in Arts or Science, or a diploma in Domestic Science; teaching experience and a diploma or certificate of Education desirable. Candidates must be single. Ability to help with games, out-of-school activities and physical education is an advantage. Appointment will be on contract (with bonus) for a period of up to five years, in the salary range £S860 to £S1,340 per annum. Commencing salary will be fixed in accordance with age, qualifications and experience. A cost of living allowance, which is reviewed every two months is also payable. The average usually ranges between £S168 and £S180 per annum. An initial outfit grant of £S50 is payable on appointment. (£S1=£1 0s. 6d.). Leave accrues at the rate of seven days per month. A special resettlement gratuity to British Mistresses teaching in English in Secondary Schools, training colleges and higher institutions of the Ministry of Education will also be paid on satisfactory completion of the period of contract. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Appointments Section, Sudan Embassy, 3 Cleveland Row, St James's, London, SW1, quoting reference 4/1026. Closing date: 31 May 1961.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in Social Administration. Salary on a scale £800 to £950 per annum, with membership of the FSSU and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 22 May 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

LONDON County Council. Welfare Department. Persons with a genuine interest in the aged and handicapped required as Home Visitors for the Handicapped. Duties include home visiting, organising social centres for the handicapped (for which a knowledge of handicrafts is an advantage) and investigating applications for admission to welfare homes. Social science qualification or comparable experience desirable. £700 x £40 – £940 (abatable if under 24 or with less than three years' approved experience by £25 for each year short of these requirements) commencing according to qualifications and experience. Forms from Chief Officer, (SWC/N/1125/5), Welfare Department, County Hall, SE1, returnable by 15 May.

ST CHARLES' Hospital, Ladbroke Grove, W10. Young lady required as Student Electrocardiograph Technician for training at two large General Hospitals. Interesting post offered with training allowance of £210 per annum at age 17 to £285 per annum at age 21. GCE or equivalent desirable. Applics in writing to Hospital Secretary.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant wanted, to take responsibility office routine and help with work of old people's welfare in East London. Secretarial training and experience in committee work essential. Salary according to age and experience. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience to Secretary, Stepney Old People's Welfare Association, St Katharine's, Butcher Row, E14.

PERSONAL Service: Applications are invited from women for residential post as House Companion for young adult spastics. Work is exacting but rewarding for those interested in giving personal service to severely handicapped spastics. Starting salary £4 15s. plus board and lodging. Six weeks paid annual leave. Superannuation scheme. Further particulars and application form from the Warden, Ponds, Seer Green, Beaconsfield, Bucks.

YOUTH Leader (experienced). Harlow New Town, man/woman 25/40, for experimental Youth Development Work in rented premises, prior to erection of new building. Applicants must possess organising ability and gift for leading young people. Non-resident post. Accommodation available. Pension scheme. 6 weeks holiday. Burnham Scale. Apply Personnel, YWCA, 108 Baker Street, W1.

QUALIFIED and/or experienced Club Leader 25-30 years, required full-time. Mixed youth clubs and young adults. Post offers scope for someone with initiative and vision. Salary according to experience. Residential if preferred. Application to General Secretary, YWCA, East Acton Lane, W3.

WORKERS' Educational Association – South Western District. Applications are invited for the post of District Secretary Workers' Educational Association, South Western District. The successful applicant will be required to live in or near Plymouth and to join the Association's superannuation Scheme. The salary scale is £900 increasing by eight annual increments of £50 and three of £75 to £1,525. Experience and qualifications will determine commencing salary. Further details and application forms, which should be returned by 19 May, can be obtained from the District Secretary, WEA, 1 Portland Sq., Plymouth.

FINANCIAL Secretary (part-time) reqd 'Aid to European Refugees'. Ring KNightsbridge 4187 wk-days (except Wed.) between 10.30 a.m. & 4 p.m. Accurate typing, PAYE & simple book-keeping essential.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

TELEVISION: Leading current affairs programme seeks to strengthen its team of reporters/interviewers with full- and part-time men and women who 'know something about everything and everything about something'. Journalistic experience essential. Details & photograph: Box 2665.

WESTVALE (Kirkby) Community Association invites applications from experienced persons for the post of full-time warden. Responsibilities will include co-ordinating activities at the new centre: starting new sections: neighbourhood social work. Salary £800 to £1,000 depending on age, experience and ability. Applications direct to Secretary, 4 Field Lane, Liverpool, 10. Closing 14 May 1961.

DESIGN Research Unit is seeking a young research assistant to work with the Librarian. Duties would include obtaining for architects and designers general/technical information, reference books/photographs, catalogues, magazines, samples, etc; filing of all kinds, typing essential, ability to write own letters. Interest in design and allied arts essential, common-sense, patience and stamina very necessary. Apply in writing to the Librarian, Design Research Unit, 37 Duke St, W1.

EDITORIAL Assistant required for the layout and production of a weekly architectural journal. Must have progressive ideas in design, but knowledge of architecture not essential. Write giving details of age, experience & salary reqd to Box 2639.

EDITORIAL Assistant (female) required at once for work on magazines. Editorial experience essential and some typing. Salary about £700 p.a. plus luncheon vouchers. Pension and life assurance scheme. Write full particulars to Staff Sec., Royal Nat. Inst. for the Blind, 224 Gt Portland St, W1.

WORKERS' Educational Association, London District has the following vacancies: 1. Junior clerk/typist, aged about 18 for general office work, salary on scale £300 x £25 to £500, starting point according to age and experience. 2. Part-time clerk/typists, age immaterial, hours by arrangement, starting rate 4s. 6d. per hour rising annually by 3d. per hour. Apply S. Church, WEA London District, 28 Woburn Square, WC1.

BOYS' Preparatory Schools. Parents desiring vacancies and men and women seeking teaching appointments, also Matrons and Assistant Matrons, should apply to R. J. S. Curtis, MA (E), Hon. Sec., Public Relations Committee, Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools, Hurst Court, Ore, Hastings.

INFORMATION Assistant required by Leonard Hill Group of publications. Preferably woman who has passed FPE of Library Association. Some typing. Salary £425-£500 according to age. Applications to Editorial Director, 9 Eden St, Ldn, NW1.

MANAGER/Manageress: Experienced to take charge of a department in a West London Store, comprising books, stationery and gramophone records. Fine opportunity for suitable person. Superannuation fund; holiday and sickness benefits; staff canteen. Written applications giving full particulars and salary expected to Dry Goods Staff Office, London Co-operative Society Ltd, 54 Maryland Street, Stratford, E15.

ST GILES School of Languages (Recognised by Ministry of Education) requires Teachers of English to foreign students. Full-time permanent posts (or temporary full-time June-October). Salary scale £675-£900 per annum. Applications in writing to: The Principal, St Giles School of Languages, 63 Oxford St, W1.

THE Museums Association. Applications are invited from men or women for the post of Assistant Secretary. Salary within the range £750-£900 depending on qualifications which should include a degree or equivalent experience. Applications (two copies) stating age and details of education, previous and present appointments, together with names of two referees, should reach the Sec., Museums Association, 33 Fitzroy St, London, W1, not later than 23 May 1961.

ARCHITECTURAL Assistant to help W. E. Cousins & Associates, a small but keen group of architects. HAM. 8226.

EXPERIENCED chiropodist reqd for well-established Kensington practice. No Saturdays. Profit sharing. Box 2764.

LEADING Educational Publishers will shortly have a vacancy in their editorial department for a well-educated woman, age 21-30, with good secretarial qualifications. Interesting, varied and responsible work. Pleasant, quiet office, adjoining Gray's Inn. Progressive salary. Luncheon vouchers. Apply in writing to the Editor, Ginn and Company Ltd, 18 Bedford Row, London, WC1.

PERSONAL Secretary, part-time, to Research Director. General secretarial duties are involved, but must be able to type chemical reports, abstracts, etc. accurately; shorthand desirable. The work is largely based on a College (EC1) and Head Office (SW1), but exact working arrangements would be subject to discussion. Proposed conditions (but also by arrangement) are: working week of 20 hours; salary of £300-£350. Box 2750.

COMPETENT part-time secretary required in lively Architects' office. PAR. 5537.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—contd

SECRETARY/Interviewer, under 35, with good knowledge of German and some typing. Good prospects for intelligent, sympathetic person interested in foreign students. Write to: St Giles School of Languages, 63 Oxford St, London, W1.

SENIOR shorthand-typist, 21 or over, for editorial office of national Sunday newspaper. 5-day week (Tues-Sat.), 10-5.30 p.m. Salary £11 12s. 6d. 3-weeks holiday, current arrangements honoured. Write: Managing Editor, Reynolds News, Grays Inn Road, WC1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist. £11 at 24 rising on a scale to £14. Five-day week. Write National Union of Journalists, 22 Gt Windmill St, W1.

SHORTHAND-typist/Secretary required for small national office of pioneer voluntary social service. Responsible work in interesting worthwhile cause. 35 hour week. 3 weeks holiday. Starting salary £525-£550 per annum. Apply Family Service Units, 36 St Mary's Grove, N1.

SECRETARY with initiative required urgently for interesting and responsible position on the export side of large and expanding West End company. 5-day week. Good salary. Telephone GRO. 3987.

INTERNATIONAL Law Consultants, W1, req. shorthand-typist/secretary. Fluent English, German. Temporary post (3 mths), permanency may be consid. later. Box 2715.

SEC., 25/35, with committee exp., for prof. assocn. Sal. £10/£13. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SHORTHAND-typist wanted by painter and wife. Live in. Nice country home; remotely situated village, 30 miles Edinburgh. Box 2699.

MARPLES goes one way but you can have it both ways with a permanent or temporary job from Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau at 114 Holborn, EC1 (next door to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ENGLISH grad. f. 23, exp. teaching abroad, sks interesting post Ldn, Pt/full-time, pref. language school. Box 2748.

IMPENDING fold-up of National Organisation will leave two top-class executives available. Degrees and experience to fit all comers. Salary over four figures because we like to live well. Box 2745.

STUDENTSHIPS & GRANTS

THE University of Manchester. Research Studentships and Research Grants in Economic and Social Studies. Applications are invited for the above Studentships and Grants for research in Economics, Economic Statistics, Government, Social Administration, Social Anthropology or Sociology, tenable for one year in the first instance, and renewable for a further period not exceeding two years. The studentships are normally of the value of £350 or £400. They are offered to candidates who have obtained the degree of Bachelor or Master in this or any other approved University. Applications should be sent not later than 1 July 1961, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

4TH girl to share s/c. flat near London Zoo, Nth Gate. Convenient for West End & City. Should be fond of cats (we have 3!). Rent very reasonable. GULliver 9785 (weekend or evenings).

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 200 dble & sgle rooms. £4 10s. full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

ITALIAN/German stud. reqg rm (h. & c.). 30 mins West End, phone TUD. 0651.

NASH house Regents Pk. Half of delightful unf. s/c. 2-rm top-flr flat offered from mid-June to 1 responsible woman (pref. 25-35) for independent, sympathetic sharing. Reas. rent. Details to Box 2716.

WEST Hamp. Lge, well-furn. sunny room in yng people's house, bachelor's. All cons. 70s. p.w. SWI. 3099 morn./evngs.

WELL-furn., newly dec. large sunny room. 30 mins Oxford Circus. Use bath & kit. £4 p.w. WAN. 9872.

FINCHLEY. S/c. furn. flat, garden, suit couple, baby. 6½ gns. FIN. 2211.

PLEAS. single bed-sit. Gdn view. £2. Reduc. for baby-sit. SW4. MAC. 5734.

GIRLS wanted for large, attract. flat, Primrose Hill. Conv. W End. Box 2773.

FLATS, flatlets and bed-sitting rooms, also holiday flats for long and short periods available through your NW London specialists. Light removals. Personal Accommodation Services Ltd, 28 Church Row, NW3. HAM. 0027.

NW2. Two graduates (f.) seek 1 or 2 girls share comf. furn. flat. Box 2769.

W11. Female graduate wanted to share flat. £2 13s. p.w. PARk 9565.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

RENT-free room, small, well-furn., in modern house, exchange slight part-time service companion-help afternoons/evngs. 72 Teignmouth Rd, NW2. GLA. 5252

DULWICH, spacious furn. flat, bedrm, c.h.w., liv.-rm, kit.-diner, share bth. 1 child welc. £6 p.w. GIP. 3453.

N2. Delightful lge b/s.-rm, quiet, open view. Wd suit prof. woman. Concld ckg, c.h.w., own bth/w.c. 4 gns. Box 2726.

HAMPSTEAD. Charming furn. 2-rmd, kit., hall, attic flat. 7½ gns. PRI. 0488.

FURN. sgle b/sit., ckg facs, quiet house, pleas. surroundings. LAD. 3031.

DOCTORS' well furn. house avail. now for 20 months. Long let prefd. 3-bedrooms, all modern conveniences. £11 p.w. Tomkin, 'Denfield', 1 Barnfield Hill, Exeter.

CAERNARVONSHIRE. Furn. cottage to let 14 July-18 Aug. Nr sea, mountains. Sleep 4. Darbishire, Trevor, Caernarvon.

NORFOLK Broads. To let: charming flat in Tudor farmhouse nr Broads & sea. 24 May – Aug. Mod cons, antiques, phone, garage. Sleep 4/5. 5 gns p.w. Box 2772.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG woman with year-old urgently needs 2 unfurn. rooms in human household. Max. rent £4. Jane Bagot, MAI. 5580.

FRENCH African woman journalist, bloody and slightly bowed by landlords colour bar, urgently wants s/c. flatlet, own bathrm & kitchenette. Pl. phone Miss Bella, FRE. 4112 before 9.30 a.m. & after 9 p.m.

DANCER seeks large room/flat, use as studio/living accommodation. Furnished/unfurnished. MAI. 0214.

YOUNG teacher and wife working for D.Phil. wish find unfurn. flat between Putney & Bloomsbury. £250-300. Box 2774.

YNG lady (French) sks accom. as p.g. with good English family. Box 2755.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

COTTAGES suitable for conversion. Two in different parts of Suffolk. £750 each. Box 2626.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

Συγκεντρώσεις Ἑλληνικαί

GREEK
VILLA PARTIES
for intelligent young people

Fly to Brindisi; boat to Greece. Stay in my villas in Athens, Tolon (Peloponnese) and on the island of Poros. The price includes free trips in the party's own transport to Mycenae, Acrocorinth, Epidaurus (Callas sings Medea in August), Delphi, etc. You decide where you want to go. You also have free use of a boat with outboard motor and of snorkelling equipment; free wine at dinner. Cost? From 59 gns for a fortnight to 76 gns for 25 days.

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LECTURES, etc.—contd from p.736

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on 'Contemporary American Music' will be delivered by Dr Aaron Copland at 5.30 p.m. on Tuesday 16 May at the University of London, Senate House, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. T. E. M. McKitterick on 'Economic Non-Planning'. Wed. 10 May, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Visitors 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 52 Charleville Road, W14.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 5 May, 8 p.m. Symposium: Tolstoy, Dostoevsky: Prof. J. Lavrin, D. Magarshak, G. Phelps. Chair.: F. F. Seeley. Fri. 12 May, 8 p.m. Bishop Anthony Bloom: Religion Russian People.

'HELEN Keller In Her Story'. Miss Keller plays herself in this filmed biography narrated by Katherine Cornell. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook St entrance, Thurs. 11 May, 6.30. Adm. free.

SOCIETY of Friends (Quakers), Friends House, Euston Road, NW1, Sunday 7 May at 6.30 p.m., 'Re-creation through Worship'. Speaker: Kathleen M. Ashford.

'CHANGING Patterns in American Scientific Education', a lecture by Dr T. H. Osgood, Science Attache, US Embassy, London. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance Wednesday, 10 May, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Holborn, WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 7 May, Vadakkan V. Alexander BA. Rabindranath Tagore: 'Indian Poet (b, May 1861) Centenary Tribute. Chamber Music Concert. 6.30 p.m.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Dn. M. J. Benardete on 'Visión sintética de la cultura sefardí. (Con unas muestras de conciones hispanojudias') on 12 May at 6 p.m.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue J. B. Coates and E. Moeran on 'Unilateral Disarmament & World Government', Conway Hall, Thurs. 11 May, 7.30 p.m.

'THE New Frontier'. Six lectures on the unconscious mind. Thursdays at 1.15. S. Botoiph's Crypt, junction of Aldgate, Houndsditch. 11 May. Introductory. Dr D. Stafford Clark. Free.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture, Wed. 10 May, 6.30 p.m. 'Buddhism in home and office', Mr R. Percheron. Sat. 13 May at 3 p.m. the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Library, Instruction and Meditation Methods, Classes in Theory and Practice of Buddhism available free to members. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns 5 p.m. Upanishads. Tuesday 9 May, 8 p.m. Caxton Hall, Swami Ranganathananda (Ramakrishna Mission, New Delhi): 'Religion in an Age of Science'. Chairman: HE Mrs Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit.

IWC Public Lecture. Free. Dr D. A. Lang: 'The Life of Buddha in Georgian Culture'. 8.30. Fri. 12 May. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

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UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures entitled 'The Metaphysical Problem of Plato's Theory of Ideas' will be delivered by Professor G. Martin (Bonn) at 5.30 p.m. on 16 and 18 May at Birkbeck College, Malet St, WC1. Adm. free, without ticket. James Henderson, Acad. Reg.

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(3) Detailed information re. Membership, Main Concerts, & Seminars from the Director, AMC, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3 (Tel.: FINchley 2934).

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CONCERTS—continued

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MUSIC of the American Civil War, II: The Confederacy, a cantata on Music of the South, 1861-65, by Richard Bales. Recorded at the National Gallery, Washington. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance Thursday, 11 May, 12.30 p.m. Admission free.

SUMMER School of Music. (Dir. of Music: William Glock. Sec.: John Amis), Dartington Hall, Devon. 29 July-26 Aug. Artists & Teachers include: Elisabeth Soderstrom, Kerstin Meyer, Dame Maggie Teyte, Jennifer Vyvyan, John Ogdon, Julian Bream, George Malcolm, Norbert Brainin, Luigi Nono, Malcolm Arnold, Reginald Goodall, Bruno Maderna, Edward Steuermann, Peter Gellhorn, William Pleeth, David Martin, Hans Keller, Virgil Thomson, John Mitchinson, Alexander Goehr, Allegri, Dartington & Drole String Quartets. Renaissance Singers directed by Michael Howard. London New Music Singers directed by Graham Treacher. Melos Ensemble. Julian Bream Consort. Illustrated Prospectus now ready: send 3d. stamp to The Registrar, S.S.o.M., 2 Beaufort House, Beaufort St, London, SW3.

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ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

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MOLTON Gallery. William Turnbull: Sculpture. Until 6 May. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Saturdays 10-1.

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WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent sculpture: Denis Mitchell. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

CONTEMPORARY Yugoslav Paintings & Sculpture. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 28 May. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues Thurs 10-8; Sun 2-6. Adm. 2s. 6d.

NEW London Gallery, 17-18 Old Bond St, W1. 10-5, Sats 10-12. Ten Sculptors and paintings by Tadé.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond Street, W1. Drawings of Italy by Vanvitelli. 9.30-5.30. Saturdays 9.30-1. Last week.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 8 May: Bloc – Pillet. From 10 May: Paintings by Fidler.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Sergio De Castro paintings and gouaches. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1. Until 3 June. 142 New Bond Street, W1.

WALKER'S Galleries, 118 New Bond St. Paintings by Day and Mortlock; Sir Harold Gillies Memorial Exhibition; Paintings by Nuala Brain.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAY. 4419. Cyril Fradan: Paintings. 8-27 May. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

LEICESTER Galleries' May Exhibitions: new paintings by John Craxton and Rutherford. Original etchings and lithos by Modern Artists. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies St, W1. Opening 9 May, Exhibition of Lithographs by 27 Soviet Artists from the Leningrad Experimental Graphics Laboratory. Weekdays 10-6, Saturdays 9.30-1.

SOUTH London Art Gallery, Peckham Rd, SE5. The First Group: Henry Anderson, Gerard Dillon, Stanley Pinker, Ken Turner, Sally Anderson. 6-20 May, 10-6. Suns 3-6.

HYDE Park Gallery. 'Portraits from the Duchess of Malfi', including Peggy Ashcroft & Max Adrian, by Hans Schwarz. 25 April-13 May. 30 Sussex Place, W2. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

ERNEST Barlach 1870-1938: Sculpture and Drawings. Arts Council Gallery. 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 3 June. Mon, Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues, Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s. 6d.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker - Photography. 12-9 5s Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq W1.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Edmond Kapp: a retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1911-1961. 20 April to 19 May inclusive. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LECTURE AND MEETINGS

POLARIS PROTEST
Holy Loch, Whitsun
Briefing meetings for civil disobedience demonstrators.
LAND ACTION – 2 p.m. Saturday, 6 May, Student Movement House, 103 Gower Street, WC1.
SEA ACTION – 1.30 p.m. Sunday, 7 May, ACTT Buildings, 2 Soho Sq., W1.
The Direct Action Committee against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Road, N4. STA. 7062.

LONDON NLR Club, Partisan, 7 Carlisle St, W1. 8 May at 8 p.m. 'The Attack on the Health Service'. David Stark Murray, President Socialist Medical Assocn. Non-members welcome.

ONE World! One people! On a basis of common ownership. A May Day Meeting for Space Age Socialists. Sunday, 7 May, 7.15 p.m. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road. Socialist Party of Great Britain. Adm. free. Questions & discussion.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sunday 7 May, 7 p.m. Drama – 'The Square' by Marguerite Duras (author of 'Hiroshima Mon Amour') acted by Garfield Morgan, Eileen Atkins, Carol Prince. Introductory talk by Sonia Pitt Rivers. Members 4s. Non-members 6s. Tuesday 9 May, 8.15 p.m. St John Perse. A talk by Anthony Hartley. Readings by Denis le Seve. Chairman: Martin Turnell. Members 2s., Non-members 3s. 6d. Thursday 11 May at 8.15 p.m. 'Writing in the Working Life.' Speakers: F. C. Ball, Henry Chapman, Maureen Duffy, Maurice Levinson. Chairman: Eric Austen. Members 2s. Non-members 3s. 6d. Jazz. Wednesday 10 May, 8 p.m. Jim Shepherd – Venuti/Lang Recital. Alexis Korner – Charlie Christian and Django Rheinhardt. Members 1s. 6d. Non-members 2s. 6d.

POLITICS – A Discussion. New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern Street, London, W1, on Wednesday, 10 May, at 8 p.m.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 7 May, 6.30, Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Why Not Christianity': H. J. Blackham.

'FOR Peace of Mind', Oscar Köllerström. 8 p.m., Fri. 12 May, Caxton Hall, SW1.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.735

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